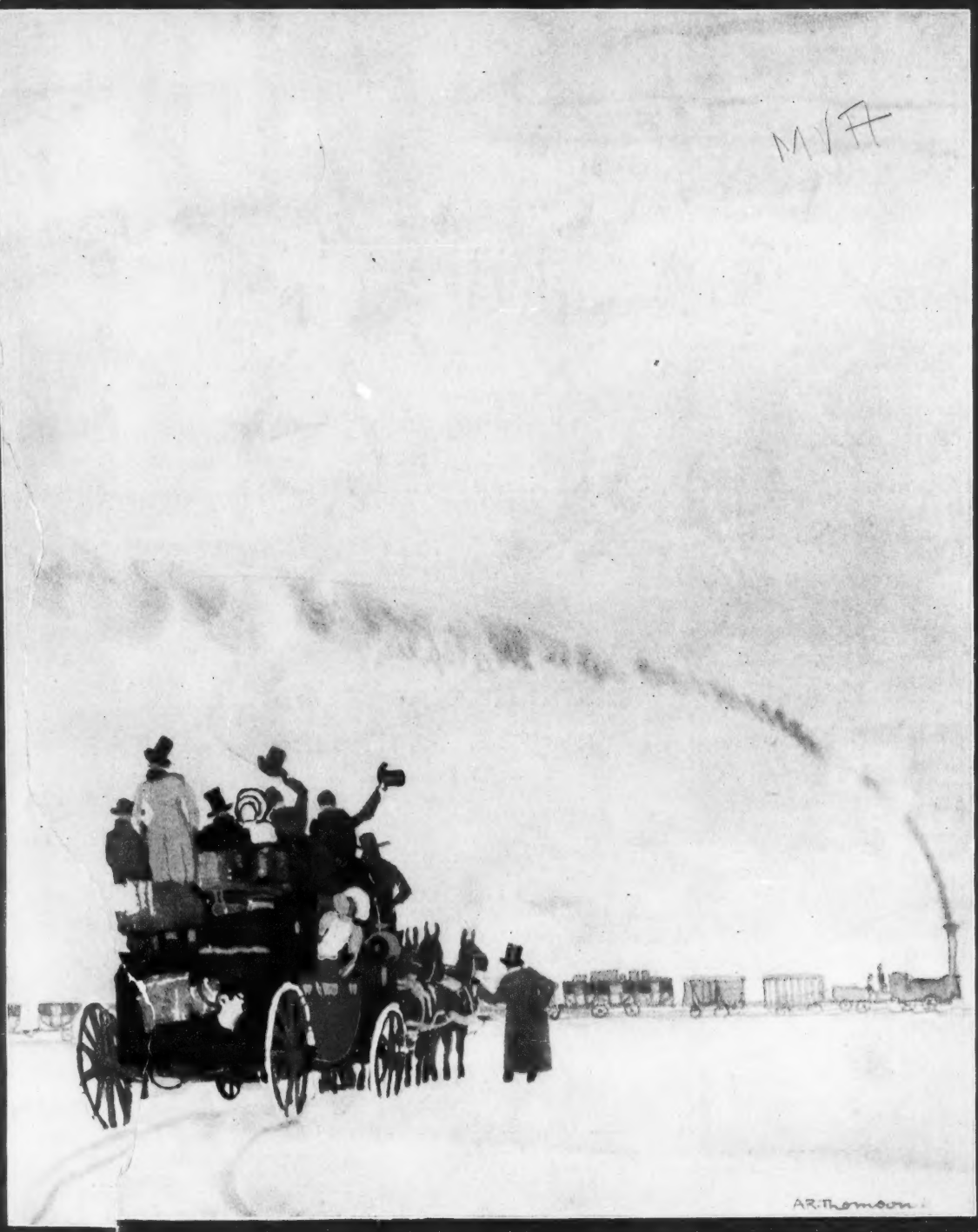
The December BADMINTON

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

No. 329. VOL. LVIII.



ONE · SHILLING

"It must be nice—— it's WRIGHT'S"

The same qualities that have made Wright's Coal Tar Soap the favourite toilet and nursery soap have made

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SHAVING SOAP

a favourite among men who shave. Its delightful perfume, its antiseptic properties and its creamy, lasting lather make the morning shave a daily joy.

Price

1/-

per Stick or Tablet

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to

WRIGHT, LAYMAN & UMNEY, Ltd., SOUTHWARK, S.E. 1.

The
BADMINTON
MAGAZINE

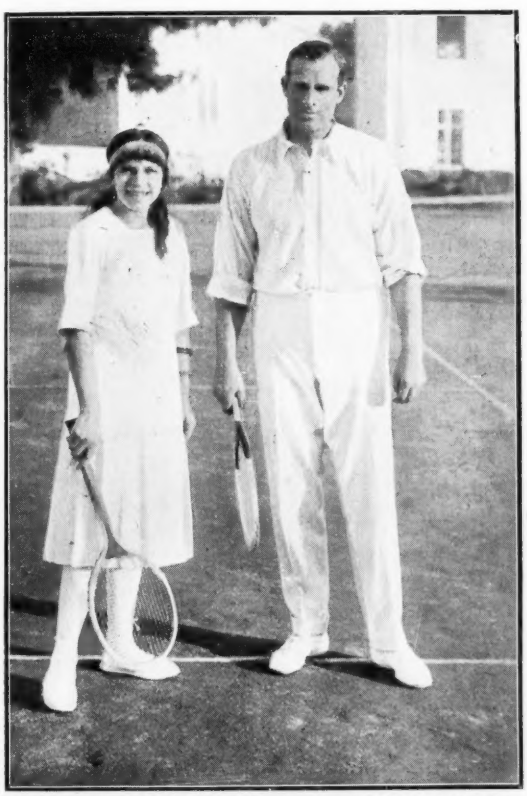
No. 329 DECEMBER, 1922 Vol. LVIII.

LAWN TENNIS ON THE LITTORAL

By A. WALLIS MYERS, C.B.E.

DELVING down into the relatively thin crust of lawn tennis history, the student would find that the first game of lawn tennis in France was played, not in its capital nor in places most adjacent to the English coast, but on a certain strip of hard Esterel sand in a certain hotel garden at Cannes. Cannes, as all the world knows, had been developed as an English winter resort by Lord Brougham, whose statue may be found on the Croisette near the Casino. It was natural, perhaps, that Englishmen seeking a summer climate should bring a summer game with them, yet few could have predicted that the pastime pursued some forty years ago in a primitive form would have extended its vogue so that every town in France which claims recognition has now its courts in abundance. But the Riviera was the first to see the English lawn tennis racket and the English lawn tennis rules.

The orientation of clubs and courts in the South of France has changed materially since I first went there twenty years ago. Nice was then the centre of activity, not because the courts at Nice were superior to the courts at Cannes—in the matter of environment they were considerably inferior—but because the American secretary, Mr. A. G. Morganstern, was what is known as "a man of push and go." Most of the leading English players of that time, when they came out, made Nice their headquarters and the South of France Championships their chief tournament. Nice and Mentone were then the only organised clubs, but Nice had an advantage in membership and prestige as it had in the size of its galleries. Nevertheless the best private lawn tennis at the beginning of the present century was played at Cannes—on the original courts at the Beau Site. Following in the footsteps of the Renshaws, as worshippers at this winter shrine, came the Dohertys, and at intervals throughout succeeding years almost every champion of almost every country. I can see the line clearly as it passes through the sweet-scented garden, under the palm trees, to the broad terrace which faces the courts and the Mediterranean beyond. "Reggie" and "Laurie" Doherty, always immaculately dressed in pure white, giving a display of their beautiful symmetrical strokes—a delectable appetif to the Cannes *habitué* and for ever a source of pleasure to the stray visitor; George Hillyard, "Clem" Cazalet and the late Dr. Eaves, a trio of



Mlle. LENGLEN (aetat 13) and ANTHONY WILDING

inseparables who gave the Dohertys their best practice in doubles and who were nearly as prominent on the links of the Cannes Golf Club as at the Beau Site; Clarence Hobart, one of the best American players in his day and still able to hold his own; Beals and Irving Wright, who suppressed their skill in their effort to enjoy life; Artemus Holmes and his bosom friend, the late A. C. Bostwick, of Standard Oil fame; D. P. Rhodes (a tall and shrewd volleyer, now living in London), Sam Hardy, the cheeriest partner one could possibly desire and one of the soundest judges of form in the world—all these and many another bird of passage from America has passed through the Beau Site garden; the brilliant French exponents from Decugis to Gobert and to the even more modern Borotra; Anthony Wilding, who came and conquered for ten years and has left a legacy of endearing memories on the Riviera as in other parts the world over; the crisp, hard-hitting German drivers, Rahe and the Kleinschroth Brothers who succeeded Count Voss, one of the earliest German players seen at Cannes; Norman Brookes and Alfred Dunlop, never quite at their best on hard courts, Dunlop because he rarely went into training and Brookes because neither his footwork nor his service was quite reconciled to any surface except turf. I could go on indefinitely picking out figures from the cosmopolitan throng. And then there were the famous women players. Cannes has seen most of them. The most distinguished, of course, has been the victor at Wimbledon for the last three years. She made her *début* in public tournaments here, a diminutive child of thirteen swinging a racket which looked like a giant sword in the hand of a dwarf, yet taking almost a giant's stride over the court. Others who have made lawn tennis history in the South of France have been Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Miss Ryan, Miss J. Tripp, the Countess von Schulenberg and Frau Neresheimer, both of Germany.

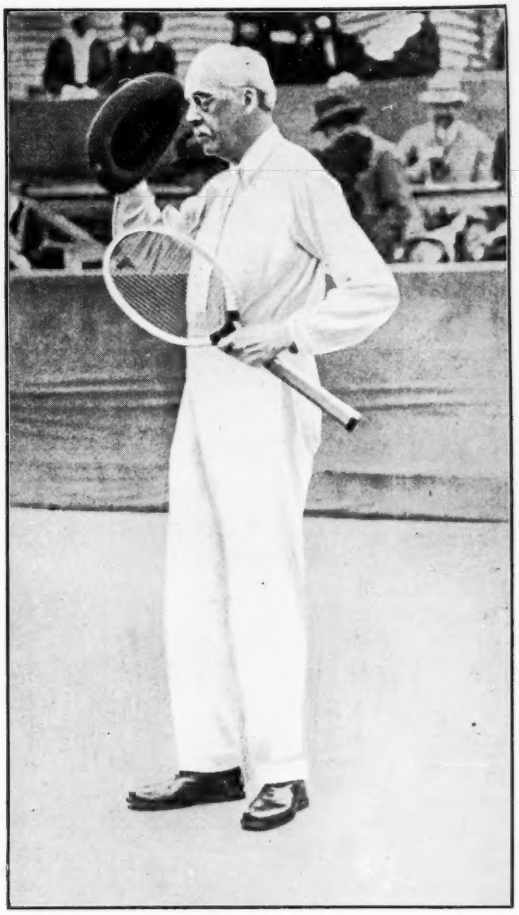
LORD ROCKSAVAGE

Holder of the Monaco Championship, at La Festa

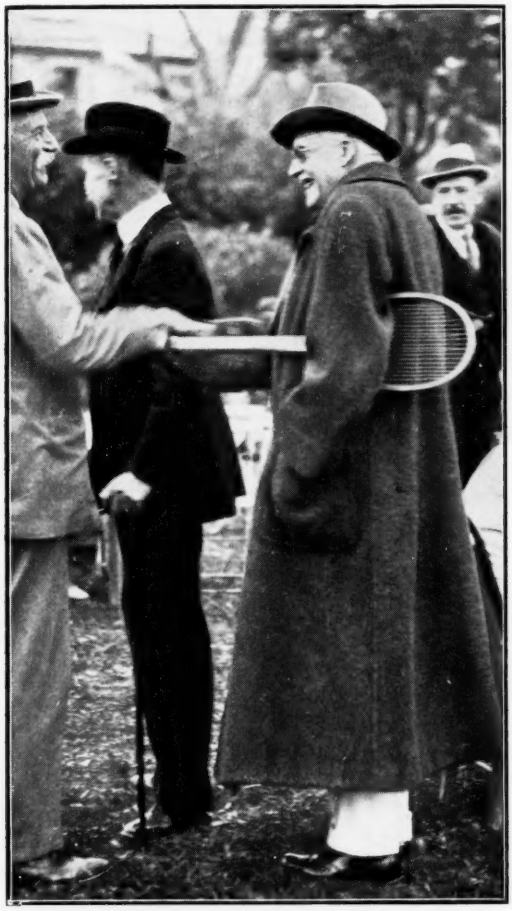
But the Beau Site is not now the only attractive place for lawn tennis on the Riviera, though it remains the most beautiful. Founded two or three years before the war, the Cannes Club now possesses over a dozen courts, and its season is one of the busiest as well as one of the most cosmopolitan on the continent. Its presiding spirit is Mr. H. E. Atkinson. The Carlton courts are nearer the Casino. They lack sylvan beauty, but their accessibility makes them a good centre for coaching and, when the tournaments are on, for a gathering of crowds. They should be exceptionally good this year, as much work has been done at the Club during the off-season. Among other things, a coating of dark granitic earth absorbing water instantly has been put down on the courts, which, when rolled out, makes the surface as near perfection as possible.

More isolated and perhaps for that reason more inviting, are the Métropole courts, while in the centre of Cannes are the new Gallia courts which are to be opened this season to supply the ever-increasing demand. Cannes is indeed handsomely supplied with lawn tennis equipment. In this respect Nice is badly off, though the eight new courts recently acquired by the Nice Club at the Imperial are helping to adjust the balance. Halfway between Nice and Monte Carlo is Beaulieu with its three handsome courts on which the Bristol meeting is held in February. Beaulieu has a more restful air than either of its neighbours;

it is more placid than gay, and many visitors prefer the first attribute. Open spaces at Monte Carlo are very difficult to find. You cannot make courts on a sloping mountain or on a shifting sea shore, and the roofs of hotels are not suitable as in America for this purpose. The lawn tennis courts used to be poked away in a rather sombre square near the harbour. They had no social conveniences, and the wonder is that the titled crowds gathered on them to watch important matches. M. Blanc found his opportunity when the need came for building a giant garage to house the sumptuous cars of his patrons. On the roof of this garage have been put down the La Festa courts, together with miniature Wimbledon stands, a restaurant and dressing rooms—amenities quite worthy of the Principality and its luxuries. The Mentone Club, fifteen minutes further east by train, is spacious and self-contained. Its courts are among the best in the South—they seem to dry sooner and to roll out more quickly after rain. Here the Riviera Championships are decided annually after the Monte Carlo Cup. San Remo and Bordighera, less pretentious but both quite attractive, are over the Italian frontier. The latter revived its open tournament this year.



LORD BALFOUR
as a competitor in a Nice Tournament

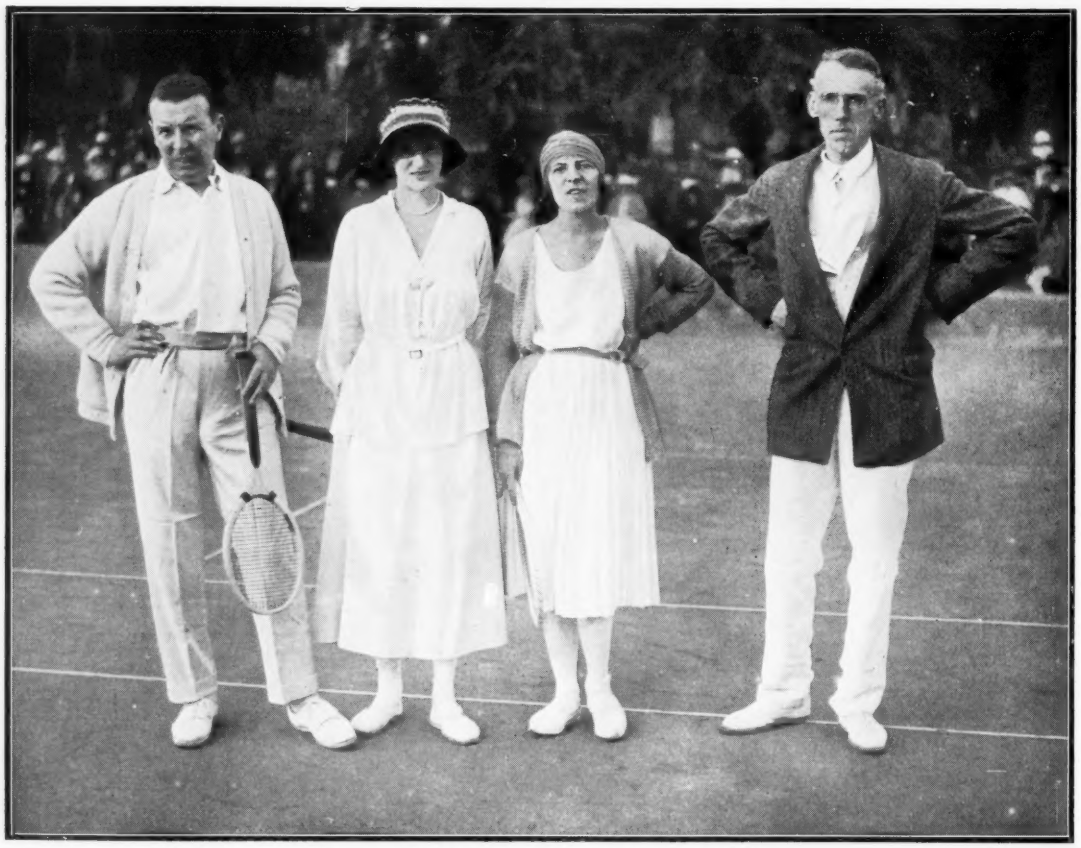


WHEN MR. A. J. BALFOUR
between the sets

Let not the Englishman who is interned in England during the winter imagine that Riviera conditions of play are all that can be desired. They are very much below this ideal. The average court may be better than the average hard court in this country, and the almost perennial sunshine brings peace and contentment, though a certain measure of irresponsibility, to the player's mind. But the quality of play can never be of the highest while true sighting is disturbed by the sun's rays. You have to choose your hour with meticulous care in order to avoid either a shadow or a strong light shooting its shaft into your eyes through a belt of trees or past the corners of some girding hotel or villa. This defect varies in intensity according to locality and time, but after lunch, when the sun is going down, it is always present. The old *habitué* may get familiar with it, though he is never free from its incidence; to the newcomer it is like a scourge. Since all the open tournaments on the Riviera demand whole-day programmes, it often happens that important matches have to be decided at the worst "lighting"

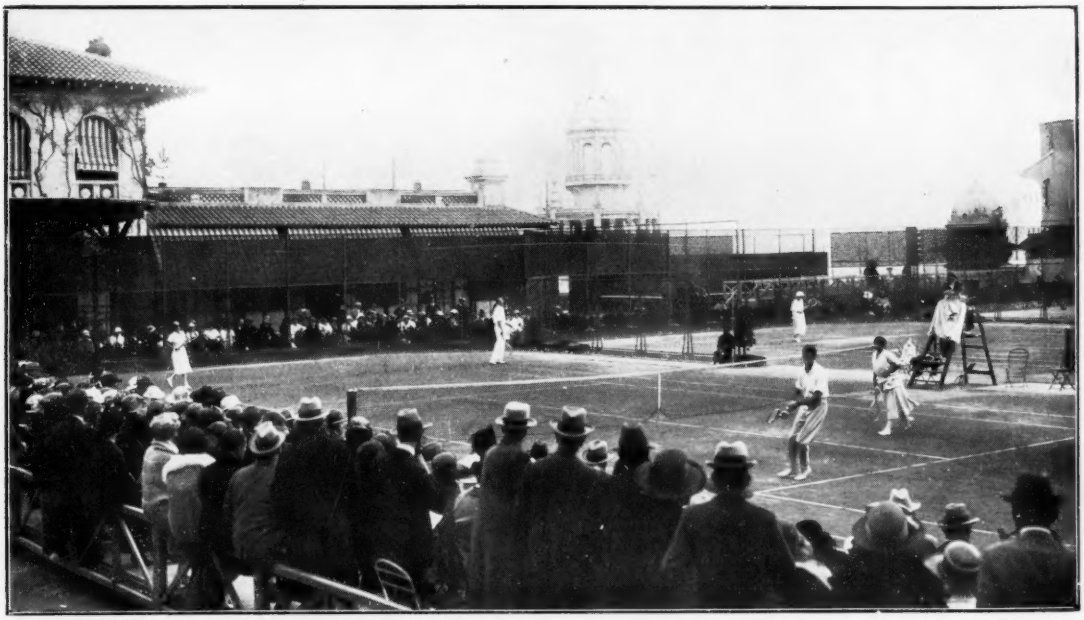
hour of the day. The result is sometimes ruinous to current form. I have seen champions go down at this fatal time to quite inferior opponents, the latter having adopted the perfectly legitimate device of lobbing every ball into the air and waiting expectantly, and seldom without success, for the muffed smash. The comparative rarity of the atmosphere in the South and absence of moisture in it makes the ball fly more rapidly; the merest touch often seems to send it out of court. And the balls themselves get lighter as the match advances. They do not get soiled as on grass, but they need renewing more frequently. The stranger needs to be acquainted with these little idiosyncrasies. There was a player, coming out last season for the first time, who won a prize at two successive meetings. Nothing but a temperament quite above the ordinary could have accomplished such a feat. More skilful players have taken from three to four weeks before they can hit the ball with anything approaching the surety of touch used at home. Another climatic difference, appreciated more especially by onlookers than by competitors, is the swift drop in temperature when the sun goes down. It is as much as ten degrees at some exposed places. This is the hour, unless precautions are taken, when chills can be contracted, though curiously enough there comes an appreciable rise of temperature two hours after sunset—for what reason I have never been able to divine.

Open meetings are now held on the Riviera almost every week from Christmas to Easter. The entries at them have increased materially since the war, due in part to the ever-extending popularity of the game among all classes, in part to the fact that society now delights in measuring its relative skill at these sun-dowered gatherings, and in part to the war's disintegrating influence, which has forced many continental devotees to seek an asylum, if only a temporary one, on the Mediterranean shore. So crowded are the lists that the executive have the greatest difficulty in preventing one tournament from overlapping the next; if rain intervenes, they find their task impossible. As it is, the swiftest motor cars have sometimes to be commissioned to convey a survivor from one court to another. Just as the amenities vary so does the accommodation for spectators. At Nice, Monte Carlo, and at the Beau Site, Cannes, it is adequate, though its capacity is often strained. Elsewhere onlookers, in moving to a point of 'vantage, have to cross the "line of fire." I recollect



ON THE BEAU SITE COURTS AT CANNES

MR. R. D. WATSON, MRS. O'NEILL, MLLE. LENGLEN AND MR. WALLIS MYERS

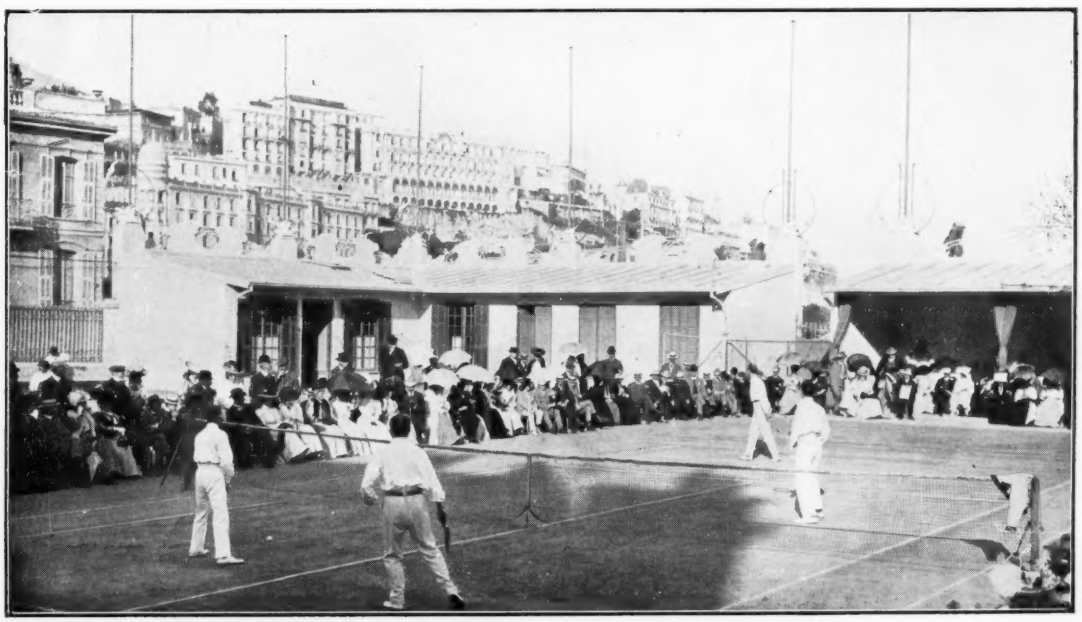


THE GALLERY COURT AT LA FESTA, MONTE CARLO

MRS. SATTERTHWAITE AND J. M. HILLYARD ARE PLAYING MISS RYAN AND R. C. WERTHEIM (RIGHT)

M. Venizelos passing behind the baseline while Mlle. Lenglen was engaged in some easy, but nevertheless densely watched, single. An errant drive hit the distinguished Greek and removed his soft hat. He was in no way dismayed but, picking up his hat with one hand and the ball with the other, placed the ball in the hat and offered it smilingly to the ball-boy.

This reminds me that the Riviera matches, even some which are not distinguished for the high quality of their play, are watched and watched keenly by eminent men and women. King Edward has smoked many a cigar by the umpire's chair at the Beau Site. King Gustav of Sweden brings with him to the Riviera each year both a keen curiosity for an international struggle and a racket which he himself wields with considerable zest. The King's years give him a preference for doubles,



THE OLD CONDAMINE COURTS AT MONTE CARLO

H. L. DOHERTY AND M. J. G. RITCHIE ARE PLAYING F. G. LOWE AND D. P. RHODES

and with Mlle. Lenglen as a partner he has more than held his own against ex-King Manoel of Portugal and Mrs. Beamish. The present Prime Minister, while recruiting his health, spent nearly the whole season in the South last winter. He knew and conversed with all the players, was a shrewd student of tactics and enjoyed many a quiet and friendly game himself. Sir Robert Horne and Lord Beaverbrook often shared the zest of these matches. Lord Balfour is another active votary in the South. He has grafted on to a "real" tennis stroke the lawn tennis return. Thereby he gets undercut with loss of speed, but Lord Balfour proved steady enough in emergency to reach the final of a handicap event at Nice. When motoring in an open car to the courts for this match, by the way, Mr. Balfour (as he then was) was struck on the face by a stone thrown by some mischievous urchin. He made nothing of the injury, but went into court the least disturbed of the four competitors.

Under the sympathetic eye of Anthony Wilding, Lord Balfour, like so many others, greatly improved his lawn tennis. On one occasion after a friendly game on the Riviera, Anthony declared that the veteran statesman could beat any Cabinet Minister. Then he corrected himself, and said, "No; there is one Cabinet Minister who could give you points and a beating." Those were the days before Lord Birkenhead had joined the Cabinet, and Mr. Balfour, though modest about his own tennis, was inclined to demur. "Will you issue a challenge to any Cabinet Minister I care to produce?" asked Anthony, in his disarming way. The statesman agreed. "Then, if you please, put it on paper now," suggested his young friend. In vain they looked round for a "scrap of paper," but Mr. Balfour's soft hat was lying near. "You can write the challenge in the lining," said Anthony, as he tossed it over. Mr. Balfour smilingly complied. The Cabinet Minister whom Anthony backed to beat Mr. Balfour was Mr. F. M. B. Fisher.

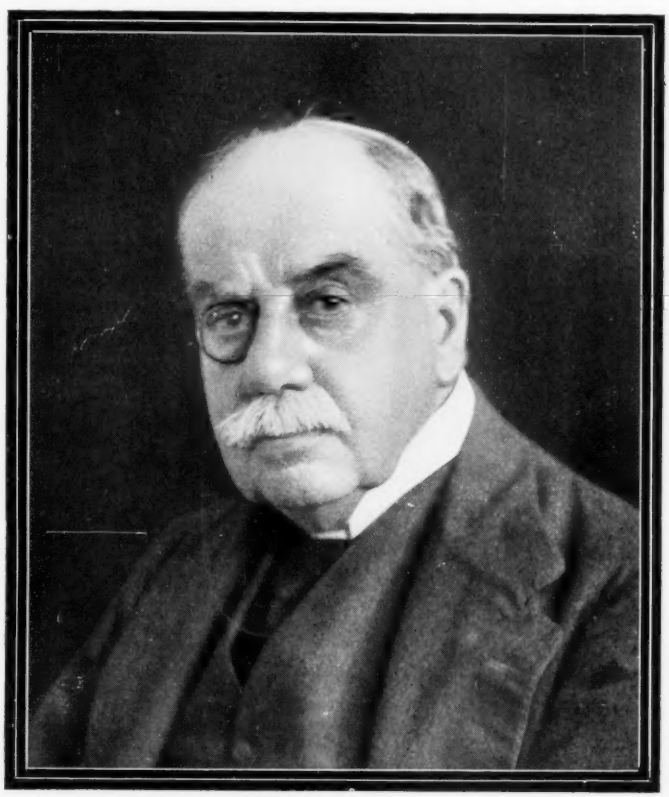
A MIXED DOUBLE AT BEAU SITE

MRS. BEAMISH, KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN, MLLE. LENGLEN AND EX-KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL

THE LATE MR. ALFRED WATSON

The Editor of the "Badminton."

IT is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Alfred Edward Thomas Watson, who was the first Editor of the BADMINTON MAGAZINE, and who was finishing his last article for it on the day before his death. His illness was mercifully brief; a slight chill contracted at Newmarket, where he had gone on behalf of *The Times*, for which he had been during a number of years Turf correspondent, sent him reluctantly to bed on the Friday after the Newmarket Autumn Meeting, and he died of bronchial-pneumonia on the following Wednesday morning. From his bed he wrote as late as Sunday night to his colleagues on the BADMINTON, asking for some further work with which to occupy himself, and promising to send his article on "The Racing Season of 1922" the next day. It came; it is printed in the present number, and in printing it we can pay to him no sincerer tribute nor raise to him any higher memorial, for he would have wanted nothing better than to have it remembered of him that up to the last he did his work and kept his word.



THE LATE ALFRED E. T. WATSON

He told one of us only a few days before we saw him for the last time, that in thirty years he had never had a holiday. We can well believe it. His activities were widely distributed and remarkable. He had, like so many noted journalists, drifted into journalism. As he was also a sportsman by inclination and upbringing, he could write well on sport, especially on hunting and racing. He was a welcome guest wherever he went, and his friendship with the late Duke of Beaufort led to his appointment as associate Editor of the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes. From that grew the BADMINTON MAGAZINE, which he edited with such loyalty, discrimination and judgment.

A letter was written to *The Times* after his death by the Duke of Rutland, in which allusion was made to Mr. Watson's work on the BADMINTON. We may be permitted to quote it nearly in full. "I had the pleasure," wrote the Duke of Rutland, "of being associated with his work in the BADMINTON MAGAZINE from the inception of that publication, and had the honour of writing the first article in the first number of that magazine, as well as many other articles therein. Alas, that was many years ago!

"Ever since then I have been in constant communication with him on various matters, and kept in close touch with him. Alfred Watson's friendship was a thing to be highly valued. A singularly straightforward man, his writing on Racing—and, indeed, on all subjects—was framed in language which was clear, put on paper after careful consideration of the subject, and in admirable taste. I am certain that all the fraternity of writers upon sporting matters, and especially Racing and Hunting, feel, with me, that they have lost a most valued colleague, who always gave of his best.

"Alfred Watson was a charming companion and a true friend, and by his death I am conscious that another great gap has been created in that rapidly diminishing number of one's friends which it is impossible to fill; he was one with whom it was a privilege to work, and for whose friendship one was very grateful."

Many such letters have been received; some contributors who, like the Duke of Rutland, wrote for Alfred Watson articles in the earlier BADMINTONS, or whose own first article was contributed to the magazine. Others are from the men who called him friend, and held him unfalteringly in esteem. Among those who write thus are Lord Lonsdale, Lord Dunraven and Lord Coventry. Lord Lonsdale, in a letter written before Mr. Watson's death, congratulated him on the BADMINTON MAGAZINE, of which "I have always been a very great admirer, of the way it has been conducted, and of the interest it gives to all in various matters." Lord Lonsdale goes on to say that, in such able hands, the magazine can never alter but for the better.

It is a little thing to note, perhaps, but nearly all these letters of congratulation were addressed to "My dear Watson," and that affectionately conventional form of address was typical of Alfred Watson's relations with all manner of men. None who knew him but found in him a man for whom it was natural to feel affection. That was because he was essentially kindly and loyal and wholly to be trusted. A good sportsman, a true gentleman.

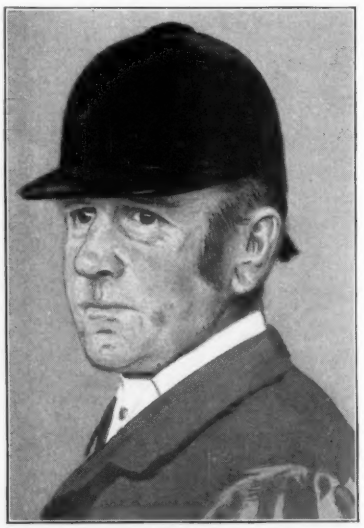
HUNTING MEN I HAVE PAINTED

By CECIL CUTLER

THE hunting world has an indefinable quality of its own. "The Shires" to a hunting man conjure up visions of widespread pastureland, intersected with hedges and ditches, and sloping meadows crowned with coverts. A vague land of horse and hound. I have had the fortune to invade this land of hunters, and in the course of my wanderings have been privileged to meet famous Masters and famous Huntsmen from shire to shire. Looking back to the peaceful days when the war had not yet made its ineffectual attempt to overwhelm "the image of war without its guilt," I recall visits to most of the homes of hunting—Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, little Rutland and the Western Counties.

The Warwickshire country too, with its timber and strong fences, the test of any thoroughbred. That fine old hunting man, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, held the Mastership of the Warwickshire hounds for over twenty years. I was down at Kineton shortly before he died to make studies for his presentation portrait. Lord Willoughby, I remember, gave me sittings in his bedroom. Consequently, they had to be as short as possible. I produced easel and palette, and he sat up in bed while I made notes of colouring and features. Later he sent for his hunting cap and pressed it on to his head with a semblance of affectionate pride. After taking it off, he handed it to the present Lord Willoughby, saying, "Here, this will fit you, Grev."

He handed over the Mastership to his son in 1900.



W. CORYTON: DARTMOOR F.H.

Perhaps the most famous of English packs is the Pytchley. Northamptonshire is second only to Leicestershire for hedges, ditches and foxes. The long list of members, which includes the Prince of Wales, shows that the Brixworth hounds are not likely to lack followers. Lord Annaly was Master for the twelve years that preceded the war. He was a well-known figure in the hunting world, a fine horseman and a straight rider. I recollect the sitting which he gave me in London. Correctness of detail being the aim of every artist, I was scrutinizing his features and conveying the light and shade to two dimensions.

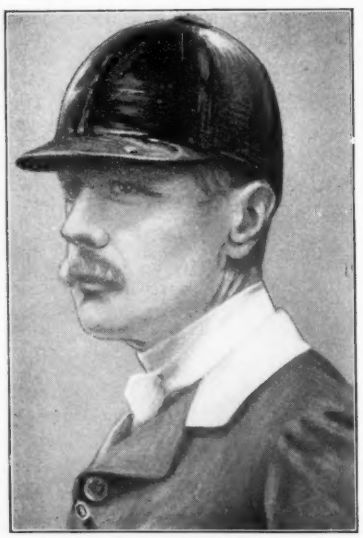
"Keep my hair short over the ears," he said suddenly. "Don't make me look like a damned artist."

Applied personally, it was almost a libel, but a friendly one.

Of the Pytchley country it has been truly said, "a bad horse cannot get over the country at all, and a second class one will only spoil your pleasure and ruin your nerve."

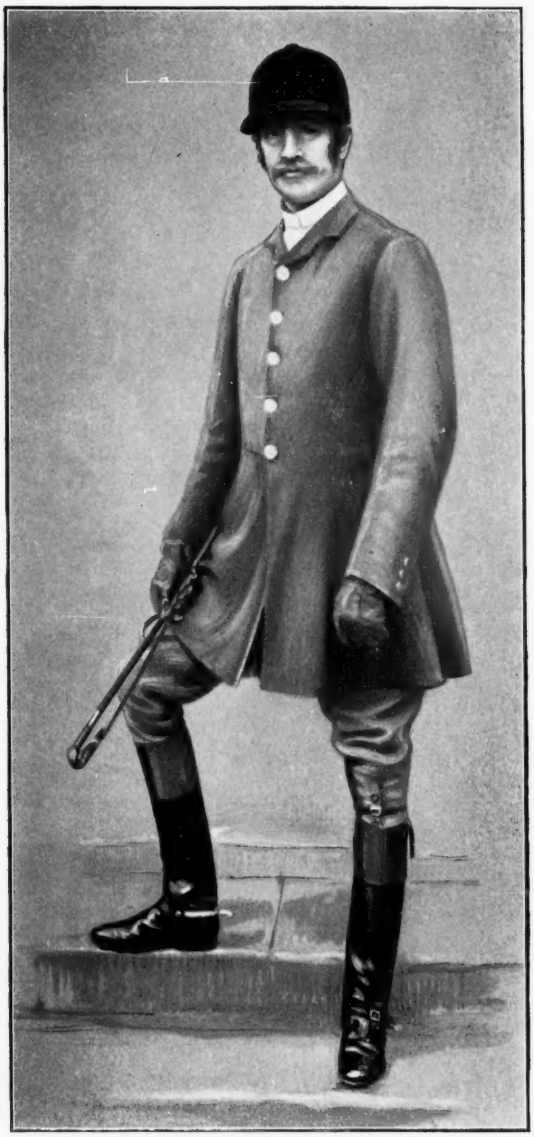
When mentioning the Pytchley, one naturally thinks of Frank Freeman, the huntsman. Which reminds me that a while ago I was staying down on the borders of Leicestershire with brush and board. The house in which I was staying was an old-fashioned hunting-box, typical of the county. It stood in its own grounds. In the long low hall quaint hunting pictures caught the eye. Trophies of the chase peered from the shadows above the oak-beamed fireplace. As I followed my host up the twisting and creaking staircase to my room I glanced out of the

THE LATE LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE



LORD ANNALY

FRANK FREEMAN



JOHN WATSON: MEATH

creeper-covered window. There, in the stable yard, breeches, hanging on a line, swayed incongruously in the wind. A groom was carrying fresh straw into one of the stables.

"This is the wardrobe room," said my host, indicating a room lined with cupboards, which disclosed hunting kit.

"That is the bathroom. This is your room." He opened a third door off the landing. Soapy Sponge, I mused, would have experienced great difficulty in finding the right door at bedtime.

That evening we dined by the softened light of shaded candles which made the silver glisten on the polished table. The Major, a genial host, was an excellent *raconteur*, besides being a connoisseur of port. The following morning I prepared for the arrival of my first subject, Frank Freeman. The last time I had seen him was one early September morning out cubbing in the coverts round Boughton House. The Pytchley hunt the woodland country for a fortnight in the first days of cubbing. Freeman is a strongly built man, with clear-cut features, stern in repose and happy when smiling. What he does not know about hunting is not worth knowing. At the time of which I write he was recovering from a fractured leg, a souvenir of the previous season. He submitted pleasantly to my inquisition from behind the easel. He had, I thought, something of the expression of a Napoleon with a touch of Dante. As a peculiarity, I noticed that his stock was tied in a way different from other hunts. Lord Annaly, I believe, introduced the once-round double-fold tying of the stock, when he was Master. The effect was to bring the stock high at the back of the neck, and low under the chin, where it was secured by a small black-headed pin. Freeman had brought a parcel of stiff white ties with him. I deduced it was an important item.

Hunting men seem to take a remarkable interest in the lesser art of painting: hunting, of course, being the higher. At the end of an hour and a half, when my board showed sufficient workable detail, we adjourned to the library, not, I must say, to select a book.

ROBERT WATSON: CARLOW AND ISLAND

In the afternoon I strolled down into Harboro's cattle-market, surveyed the beasts but did not buy, and inspected the church, whose clock had kept me awake half the night. Another pleasant evening with my host. Thence to bed to listen to the rain beating on the windows and the inevitable regularity of the quarter chimes.

On the morrow the Major's car brought Arthur Thatcher, of the Fernie. We held the séance in the morning room. The dapper huntsman, sitting on a chair in a corner where the light fell on his face, was an interesting and interested sitter, asking questions about portrait and figure work in general. He was wearing his pink coat. I made a mental note. "No white collar," as for the Pytchley. He had apparently a penchant for large pattern Bedford cord breeches. The sitting over, we adjourned as before to the library. In the library was a sideboard.

It is some years now since I took train to Saltash. In the station yard I was met by a phaeton and also by a groom on a flea-bitten grey.

"Master thought you would like to have a look at her," explained the groom, touching his hat.

The hunter had been sent down for me to see. I liked that.

The grey and the groom followed along the road, but disappeared cross country, and soon the phaeton arrived at Squire Coryton's demesne, Pentilly Castle. The Castle stands on high ground, on one side overlooking the Tamar, on the other surrounded by trees. After being welcomed and allowed to remove the traces of the railway journey, I came down into the dining room and, looking from the deep windows, saw in the vague distance the sloping expanses of Dartmoor and the outline of Bere Alston. That was Devon.

An ideal home, I thought, for the Master of the Dartmoor.

Squire Coryton was a typical Cornishman, hospitable to a "furriner," in a land where all Londoners are "furriners." Sittings are tedious and sometimes grudged. But here I was given a free hand. He would be willing, he informed me, to sit as long as I liked. There was one stipulation. He would have to be allowed to smoke. I remember running the gauntlet of a forbidding row of ancestors in the long gallery on my way to bed that night. Their eyes blinked uncannily to the light of my candle.

Out in the gardens next day I set to work on the picture. Squire Coryton sat on his grey-white mare, puffing at the stipulated briar, which he held at such an angle that it covered a large part of his face. Now and then there was an interval for relaxation. He dismounted and examined the painting critically. It was to be a presentation from the members of the Hunt. When we wearied, he suggested a walk round the estate. Consequently, I returned to town laden with produce from the home farm—butter and eggs, and a pound of cheese.

Those who have enjoyed Dorothea Conyer's descriptions of Irish hunting know that Ireland without hunting is inconceivable. There they chase both fox and stag. Which recalls a trip to the land of the shamrock, to the Carlow country. The Carlow Hunt has changed its name more than once. When I was over at Ballydarton to have sittings from Robert Watson, the then M.F.H., the country was known as The Carlow and Island, and included a large piece of Queen's County near the River Barrow. To-day the kennels are at Moyle. John Watson, too, gave me sittings, when Master of the blue-collared Meath: it is over the Meath country that the Ward Union Staghounds hunt. Mr. Percy Maynard, whom I painted, was Master of this pack until two or three years ago.

TYRWHITT DRAKE: BERKSHIRE

And memory recalls many other names of hunting men I have painted; names well known in the annals of the chase. The Duke of Westminster, who a few years before the war "mastered" the Cheshire over their banks and ditches. Dun Waters, of the South Shropshire, the Wrekin pack. Butt Miller, of the Cricklade V.W.H., a land of grass. The Duke of Beaufort, whose portrait was commissioned for the Duchess. The Duke, I recollect, wore the green coat of the servants' liveries on the days when he hunted the hounds himself, instead of the blue and buff peculiar to the Badminton Hunt. Tyrwhitt Drake, of the Berkshire, and poor Richard Fort, of the Meynell.

Reminiscences of bygone days are naturally tinged with sadness. But the hunting spirit is still alive in the Shires. The dark coverts of Leicestershire continue to hold their mysteries, and the music of the hounds breaks over the undulating pasture-land.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARY

By H. T. SHERINGHAM

Photo] THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE'S LIBRARY AT BOWOOD, WILTS. *[H. N. King*

THAT famous book-lover, John Grolier, had a motto in regard to his library which included the handsome words *et amicorum*. They have sharpened a point or two in the arguments of some four centuries—the ethics of lending and borrowing being a perpetual ground of debate—but here I only wish to deduce from them one moral, that the novels should be "somewhere else." Heaven forbid that I should speak disrespectfully of novels, who read myself to sleep with one practically every night of my life. The trouble is that it is novels which people borrow in these stirring times, and especially in times and places which are not stirring. Novels in fact are the chief, perhaps the only, literary food of x per cent. of the population. What x represents I hesitate to say, the data being uncertain, but I am sure it should be a biggish figure. It includes, I fear, a number of people who *have read* other things but seem to have outlived the impulse towards heavier study.

It is not, however, my business to impute shortcomings to anybody. The country house ought undoubtedly to have a good store of novels, which are a necessity of life, but they ought to be kept in some room where they can have wall-space to themselves and where gaps in the shelves will not matter. In the library proper, gaps are a mistake, unless they are readily explained, and they soon assume the character of yawning chasms. But there will not be many gaps if the novels are elsewhere. Dr. Macpherson may possibly, in the course of his patriotic researches, have borrowed *The Discovery of the late Bloody Conspiracie at Edenberg*, "related in a letter sent to Mr. Pym," and published in 1641, or the Rector, whose hobby is topography, may have gone home heavy-laden with that big folio entitled *Walpoole's British Traveller*, but such borrowings are trifling beside armfuls of novels away with Miss de Vere who is not well, Mrs. Smith who has young people staying with her, or Mrs. Haskell at the Lodge, who has so much time on her hands.

There are, of course, libraries and libraries. There are the famous collections which have grown as it were by natural accretion, thanks to *obligation de noblesse* to make additions of contemporary literature in each succeeding generation. In such collections are to be found the most famous of those books which fascinate book-hunters of to-day, the early folios of Shakespeare, the early editions of *The Compleat Angler*, possibly a "first" *Pilgrim's Progress*, or a "Kilmarnock" Burns of 1786. Occasionally, it seems, the treasures in these old libraries are not always realised. A habit much in

vogue in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries of binding several small books or pamphlets together has made it sometimes possible for some exceedingly rare item to lie hid for many years. But with the changing times the big collections are more and more coming into the market and their contents are being gradually dispersed. It were well, before they are all broken up, to make due acknowledgment of the debt owed to them by students and scholars. They have made feasible a vast amount of research which could not otherwise have been undertaken, since the big public libraries can only serve a limited geographical area.

The other kind of library is, perhaps, more to the purpose of the present meditation—I mean the assemblage of books which is a feature of most country houses, and which is, in a way, more interesting than the greater collections because it is more "personal" in its attributes. Very often it reflects the tastes of its present owner, who has gradually collected such volumes as appeal to him personally, and this is as it should be, especially just now when so many houses have changed hands owing to the redistribution of wealth.

It is worth while dwelling on a few points which should be considered in the housing and formation of such a library. First, for its abode: The most important consideration is that a room selected for books should not be damp. Damp, as all the famous writers on the subject have insisted, is the worst enemy of books, and, like the Powers of Darkness, it works its fell destruction "while men sleep." It must be remembered, also, that damp may attack a room which is by nature quite dry. A faulty bit of spouting on an outside wall or an unsuspected sparrow's nest in the wrong place—sparrows are responsible for much structural mischief—may do a lot of harm. I speak feelingly in this matter, for one corner of my own library at this moment gives ugly proof of it.

Next, to my mind, comes the question of light. A dark room is very bad. You cannot see the books, or find the particular volume you want, and (which is even worse) you do not become aware of dust as you would in a well-lighted room; dust is another enemy of the book-lover, and it is said that it is helpful to the detestable book-worm which has eaten up so much of the world's great literature. Anyhow, the library should have plenty of window-space. When the sun is too strong, blinds should mitigate its approach to books in fine raiment, jackets of morocco and the like. But it may be worth mentioning that I have found a sun-bath beneficial to the *pages* of old books which have been stained by damp. I have not yet tried it on anything valuable, however. As for book-worms, they do not seem to care for modern literature—the composition of the paper probably disagrees with their digestion. If the books are regularly dusted, there should not be much fear of them. Where they have already attacked a shelf of old books the resources of modern chemistry ought to be able to deal with them. A bag of some substance such as camphor at the back of a shelf would be helpful.

The shelving of a library is a matter for individual taste and the nature of a room. Personally, I like to be able to reach to the top shelf without standing on a chair or using a step-ladder. And for all books which have some value I like bookcases with glass doors or fronts. Glass not only protects the bindings and keeps out dust, but also has decorative qualities. An old mahogany or oak bookcase is a beautiful thing in itself, and behind its glass the books have a sheen much like that given to an oil-painting by its transparent varnish.

The other features of a well-ordered library are obviously matters of personal preference, but a thick warm carpet of a rich brown, a bear or lion skin as a hearthrug, really comfortable armchairs, a sufficiency of small tables to companion the chairs and hold books as one reads in luxury, a writing-table which is not an offence to the eye, another table for magazines and papers—these and their likes may easily be catalogued. Somewhere about the room I think I would have a hint of the sportsman, preferably in the shape of a nice old cabinet for rods and guns, with drawers beneath it for accessories. And for ornament I would urge the value of a few big bits of old brass, a couple of the old Brittany milk cans, for example, and similar objects. We have so many grey days in our climate that the gleam of bright brass comes as a deputy for the absent sunshine. A few pictures, too, are to be desired if there is room for them, oil-paintings rather than water-colours, for they hold their own better with the books. Furnishing a new library may well be a fascinating hobby, and it need not be so very expensive if you do it gradually and seize your opportunities. Even to-day, when "experts" control every avenue of expenditure, it is not impossible to find a bargain here and there and to pick up "pieces" which are worth having, though they might not be considered good enough for Croesus and his kin.

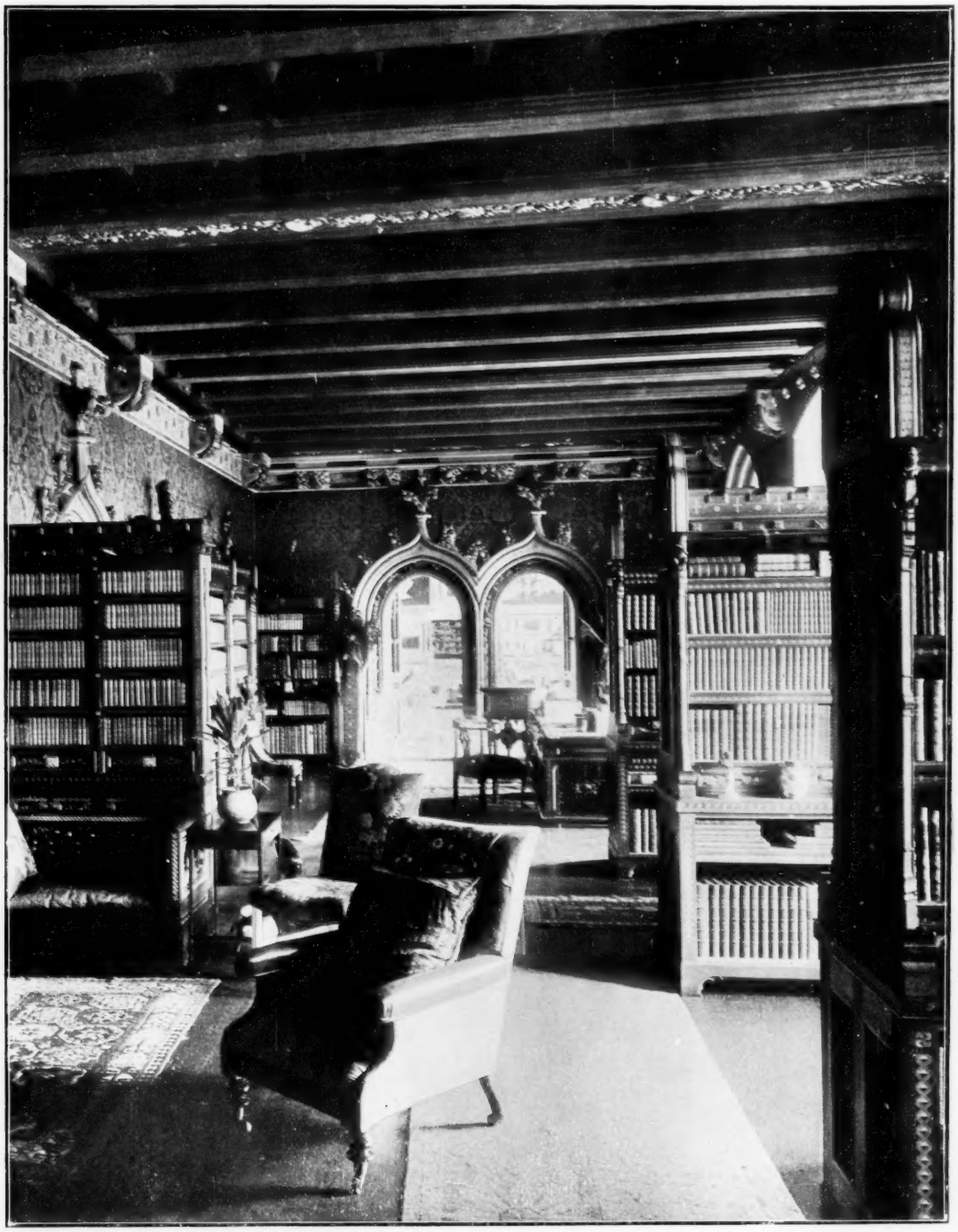
And now we come to the books themselves. By suggestion I have already banished the novels to another place, and, though I realise now that this is rather a hard saying (for some of them *will* not be banished!), it saves trouble in the end. Setting fiction aside, one can consider the other books without which a house is hardly complete. The library, to my mind, may usefully have two aspects, the general and the special. Under the first head I would include what is called standard literature, the poets, the essayists, a selection of historians, famous books of travel, and so on, all in readable modern editions, of which there is in most cases ample choice. Standard literature is, of course, a vast and complex world for conquest, so no ordinary man could expect to amass more than a fraction of what it offers. But a fraction may be a good deal, and it gives considerable scope for originality. There is some truth in the opinion that you can judge of a man's character from a survey of his book-shelves, always supposing that he has himself had the filling of them.

The special aspect of a library is what always fascinates me most, and it is here that the real fun of forming one comes in. It is the privilege of anyone who loves books to make a special collection of volumes dealing with some particular subject, and in so doing to have a hobby and a recreation which will last his whole life long. I am not at all sure that, besides being a privilege, this kind of collecting is not the duty of any man who has the means to acquire books, the instinct for finding them which Horace Walpole, I believe, called "serendipity," and the wall-space whereon to bestow them.

What, someone may say, can one collect, now that so much has been accomplished in every branch of the sport? My answer would be that it matters little so long as the interest is there. One obvious field for activity is local topography, a subject which will yield a surprising variety of trophies, from early works like Robert Plot's histories of Staffordshire or Oxfordshire to small but often very interesting pamphlets printed from the proceedings of some naturalist or field club. And the spirit of the chase will soon widen the territory to be explored. All bibliomaniacs know the insidious process of reasoning by which books really quite outside their

special subject are gradually included in the library because somewhere in them there will be found a chapter, a page, or even a few lines germane to the enquiry. After a time, indeed, the discovery of such detached fragments becomes not the least exciting part of the whole business. And it may have real value as research.

Other obvious lines for collection are the various field sports and games, which have inspired a big literature. Some of it is hard to come by now, of course, but a great deal is to be obtained without vast outlay of money. Then there are plenty of other subjects—husbandry, gardening, domestic economy, handicrafts, arts, sciences, and so on, all giving ample scope for the book-hunter's activity. The essential activities of man such as these have occupied the printing press from its earliest beginnings, so ambition has hardly any limits.



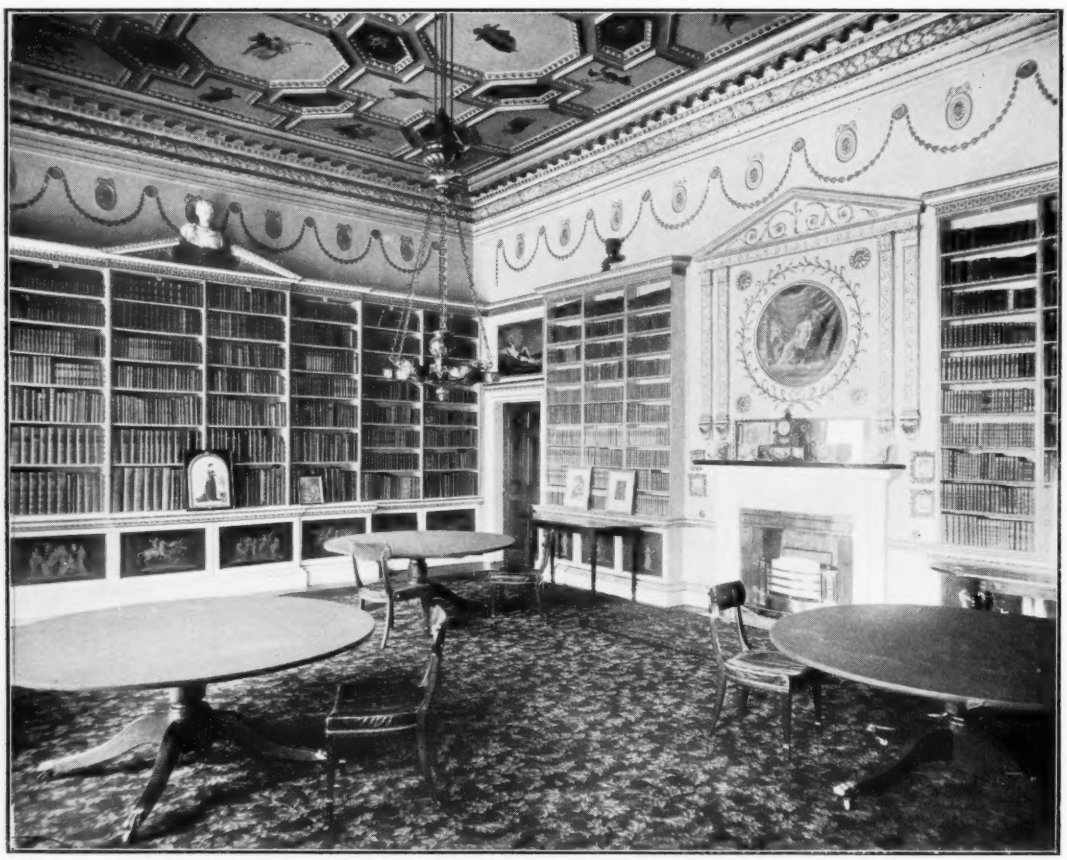
Photo] A GOTHIC LIBRARY AT CARDIFF CASTLE *[H. N. King*

There are curious changes of fashion in the collecting of books, and what was once very highly esteemed may in fifty years or so become of relatively little value. There has, for example, been a notable decline in the enthusiasm for old editions of the Greek and Roman classics since Brunet published his *Manuel de Libraire* in the sixties. The books published by famous houses such as the Aldi and the Elzeviers are now not nearly so much sought after as they were then, though a few special volumes still command respectful attention when they turn up. *Incunabula*, that is to say volumes printed in the fifteenth century, are, of course, always in demand, but the sixteenth and seventeenth century classical books are for the most part out of favour. I fancy that they will come into their own again, however, so it might not be a bad thing to collect them. They are often to be found in delightful bindings, which is in their favour.

The older secular books printed in England are the present fashion, and most of the early editions command big prices, but there is a good deal of seventeenth-century literature of religious character which figures in the "cheaper lines" in the shops and which might be a good investment. I recently acquired a few volumes of not very promising appearance which proved to have considerable internal interest as being connected with America. Anything relating to or touching on America published before 1700 will some day have its definite market value.

What are called "association" books offer a very interesting field for hunting. Roughly, they may be described as books, pamphlets, or magazine articles dealing with the history and activities of individuals. Some of them are privately printed, which makes the search all the more interesting. Privately printed books themselves would be an attractive line to follow and would probably yield some strange results. Then there are possibilities about first editions of modern authors, especially poets. Many of them are sure to be valuable some day—indeed, some are valuable now, such as Kipling's early works in the Indian editions.

The fact is that almost any line is worth pursuing, provided that the pursuer knows what he wants and has the necessary opportunities. And if he succeeds in getting together a representative collection of books on some special subject he can have the satisfaction of feeling that he has not only laid out his money to good advantage, but has also put himself in a position of authority in regard to that subject, so that he can, if he chooses, do good work as a specialist and confer benefit on his age by sharing his knowledge with others. That seems to me an ambition worth having.

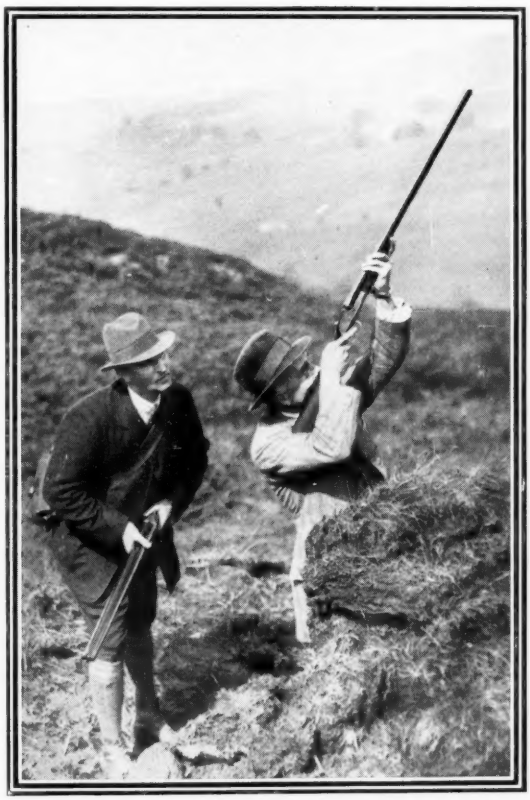


Photo] THE LIBRARY AT GOODWOOD [*H. N. King*

SOME THOUGHTS ON GROUSE BUTTS

By ERIC PARKER

ONE of the pleasantest things in shooting is to come to a grouse butt for the first time. There is so much that you cannot know till you get there. What kind of a butt will it be? Will it be well built, solid, roomy, well drained, with a good, even floor, or will it be cramped, uncomfortable, muddy, slippery, cold? Where will it be in the line, high up or low down, in the centre or on the flank? What kind of an outlook will it have? Will you be looking out over miles of moor, so that you can see the whole drive develop before your eyes, or will you be just under the brow of the hill, so that you can see nothing until the grouse are right upon you? And what sort of ground lies before and behind the butt? Is it an even stretch of short heather, on which you will be able to see your birds at once, or is it long heather or rocky ground, which will make the pick-up difficult after the drive? It is not until you are actually standing in the butt that you can find the answer to all these questions, and that is why the pleasure of coming for the first time to a line of butts and finding the one which is yours for the drive is always new.



THE HIGH BIRD

Is the butt well built? That question comes first, not because one cannot enjoy shooting out of almost any kind of butt, but because good or bad building does make a difference to one's shooting, and also because there is no reason why every butt should not be built comfortably and well. It is merely a matter of taking trouble; a good headkeeper will see that the butts are what they ought to be, and a lazy or careless man will take no trouble about it. Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of butts, one which is needed for grouse coming only one way, that is, which need only face in one direction; and the other for drives and return drives, that is, facing in two opposite directions. For the first kind, all that is absolutely necessary is a pile of sods or stones like the section of a wall; but that is not all that one hopes for. A butt built in the form of a half moon is better; better still, a butt with two good solid sides—an addition which you appreciate (and so does your loader) when there is a wind blowing. For the second kind of butt, needed for a return drive, you want a nearly square enclosure with an entrance at the side. I like a square butt better than a circular, as giving more space; your loader, if you have one, wants plenty of room when the birds are coming fast; and if, in addition, you have a companion—particularly if she is the companion you prefer—you will want room for her to sit comfortably too. And that brings you to consideration of the floor of the butt. It must be well drained — that is essential. Nothing is more horrible than to have to stand in puddles or on sloppy, slippery peat, and nothing spoils your shooting more than to be unable to get a firm foothold, or to turn quickly to right or left. In some places you can get good, dry footing merely by giving the floor of the butt a slight fall to the opening; and I think myself that there is nothing better to stand on than dry soil roughened with grit, which you can often get on a rocky hillside. But in other places, especially if the slope of the ground drains down to the butt, or if the floor has to be cut out of peat, nothing but a floor of planks is really satisfactory, and for dry planking after a walk to the butt over wet ground I lift my cap in gratitude to the man who put it there. As for the sides, they may need casing with wire netting to keep them in position, especially if there

STRAGGLING PIECES OF HEATHER

are sheep on the moor: and then I look carefully on coming into the butt to see that the sharp ends of the wire have been turned inwards and do not offer rusty pin-points to my wrists or the polish of my gun.

One further detail you may think worth noticing. When the parapet of the butt is made of sods, there are often straggling pieces of heather or bents of grass on the sod which wave in the wind: I like to remove them. Or if the butt is sunk or cut out of the side of a gully—gullies are very useful as sunk roads to help the guns to get to their posts unseen—there may be plants growing in front of you which break the view. One such butt I found myself in this last autumn, and as I climbed up into it and looked out over the parapet to the rim of the brae, I was suddenly conscious of twenty dark dots swinging and swaying on the skyline, precisely as an oncoming covey may fly low and swerving against the wind. They were not grouse, but the heads of rushes, and I had hardly cut them down and got back into my butt before their places were taken by a real covey coming forward—one of those early arrivals which so often discomfit the casual smoker of cigarettes, secure in his knowledge that the beaters cannot yet have lined out for the drive.

Hot sun and wind may add a difficulty. If the parapet is old and dry, and you are facing the wind, a gust may fill your eyes with dust. I remember a butt which behaved in this way on an August morning; the sods on the top were taken from burnt ground, and as I put my gun on the parapet the wind puffed powdered charcoal into my face. Charcoal obscures vision. It is well, on gusty days, to tap a dusty parapet standing up wind.

Butts may be bad or good for other reasons besides their construction. They may be badly placed; they may even be dangerous. I have in mind an uncomfortable moment on one occasion when I suddenly realised that my left-hand neighbour was not where I supposed him to be, but away to what I thought was my left front. The reason was that there were two lines of butts, nearly but not quite parallel, which ran close to one another, built for two separate drives. I had never been in either line before, I was invisible to my right-hand neighbour from where I stood, and I could not see my left-hand neighbour get into his butt. Fortunately he lit a pipe when he got in, otherwise he was indistinguishable from his background. But I think I have only shot in one really dangerous line of butts. In this (I believe it is still standing) the butt on the left flank—call it No. 9—is thrown forward, and though it can be seen from the butt next to it, No. 8, it is invisible from Nos. 7 and 6. The line therefore makes a curve like a crescent. I do not know when the occupant of No. 9 was last shot, but I believe it is still held on that moor that for that particular drive you cannot put the birds properly over a

A BUTT WITH SOLID SIDES

straight line of butts, and No. 9, therefore, remains.

Then, again, it may happen that the butts themselves are well made and that you get excellent shooting from them, but that they are badly placed because of the difficulties of the pick-up. One drive on a Welsh moor I remember for the beauty of the view; you looked in front of you only at line and sky, but behind you was a glorious ravine of pink and purple heather with a stream at the bottom, and the very place for a young ladies' sketching club, but perfectly distracting when you had dropped dead birds fifty yards below the butt into heather three feet high. Another delightful drive I know in Perthshire, where the shooting you get in any one of the butts in the line is first-class, and where in the lower butts the grouse come as high as you ever see grouse—often enough clean out of shot. But the drive is spoiled because behind it lies a tumbled mass of boulders, into which bird after bird goes down and over which dogs cannot work. I suppose that ten or twenty per cent. of the birds killed in that drive are lost. On another Perthshire moor I recollect a line of butts which was badly placed as regards the distance for the pick-up, for many of the birds fell far down hill—though the heather was short and they could be seen—but which, as regards one particular butt in which I found myself, was for me, at all events, quite impossible. The butt was built into the side of a rocky hill, and the rocks sloped sharply up in front and to the right, so that as soon as you saw the birds they were right on to you and you could only take them to the left or behind the butt. But to the left and behind the butt the ground sloped almost sheer, and for me that meant that whenever I turned round I felt like falling over a precipice. I have no head for heights, and this was standing on the edge of a cliff and shooting into nothing. For others, perhaps, this butt might have been as well placed as any other; there was, indeed, another gun who occupied it and described it as having afforded him a new sensation—he had never shot birds that fell so far out of the void. But for me the only sensation was one of misery. I could not keep my balance, I shrank from shooting, I prayed for the end of the drive.

I remember that butt, however, as a butt of individual character: it stands out from others with a distinction of its own, even though it is a distinction of unhappiness. And it happens, somehow, that few butts have this individual character. That means, I suppose, that the great majority of them are rightly placed; they give you the grouse coming as they should, and you are not conscious of marked differences and peculiar necessities or conditions. Yet there remain some which stand out from memories of long days very separately clear. One is the flank butt on the right hand of a line sloping down a hill on a Forfarshire moor, to which there came on two occasions a delightful ending to a drive. Not only was the weather perfect all day—and how much a good

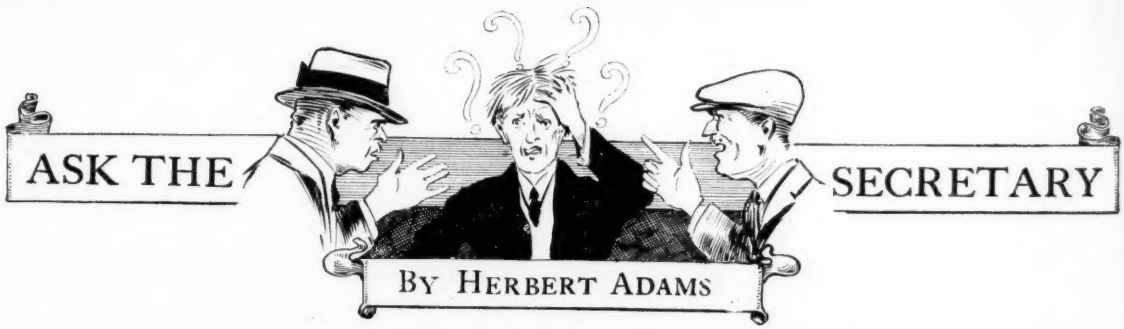
light means to the shooter! — but the drive provided a surprise. The birds had ceased to come from in front, and the drive seemed to be over, when a new lot came over from the left, swinging down the line instead of across it, and giving the right-hand gun those unexpectedly high birds which are one of the chief charms of grouse driving. Another lot followed, and another; could any finish to a morning be better? If it could, it was the finish of the same drive a year or two later, when as luck had it I had the same butt and the same thing happened. Who could forget that butt? It is always in my mind with hot sunshine and blue sky above the brown peat of which it was built.

Another butt which I associate with sunshine has somewhere about it a queer quality of dreams. It is half sunk, and you get from it an almost circular view of short heather—heather which ends with a rim of flowers against the sky. And as I see it, the sunshine pours down all round it, bees drone in the bloom, and along the rim, with its tiny pink flowers, hares canter like cats. I cannot bear shooting hares, and fortunately, as I remember that butt, they canter out of shot.

If I think of another butt, which happens to be on the same moor, it is because of the extraordinarily difficult—and also extraordinarily good—shooting which it provides. You are just under the crest of a rounded hill and can see no other gun, only the warning post against the sky which shows you the line of the butts. The birds swing round the hill from your right front, and as they come into view they suddenly scatter—it feels as if they had swerved at the sight of the gun on your right. But they scatter like partridges, to swing together after they have passed you, and as they are high in the air and have been long on the wing they make about as disconcerting a manoeuvre of it as any covey of grouse could contrive. Except that they do not shoot upwards in the same way, shooting at those coveys is something like getting in your second shot at a bunch of teal. The covey explodes, breaks to pieces—and in a second has come together again and swung on behind you.

(To be continued.)

WHEN THE BIRDS ARE COMING FAST



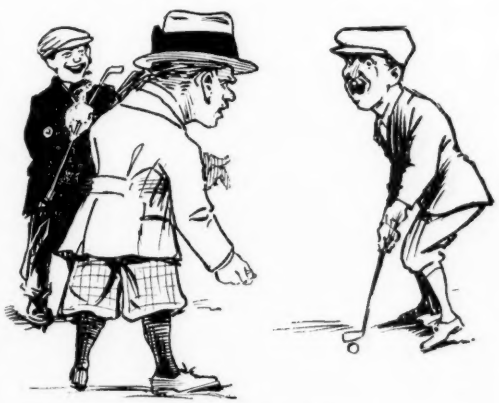
By Herbert Adams

COLONEL CROSS and Major Moss played regularly and quarrelled regularly. At times they were emphatic, but more often, after differing on some trifling point, they strode from hole to hole in silent rage, each fuming with the desire to score over the other. Nothing was conceded, and long silences would only be broken by the sudden insistence on a penalty when the slightest breach of the letter of the law was alleged to have arisen.

Both were short tempered and both were obstinate, but their altercations were brief. If Cross claimed a hole for some irregularity, Moss hotly contested it, and then either or both would say "We'll ask Evans." Evans was the Club Secretary, and the two seldom played a round without having some knotty point to submit to his judgment when they got back to the club-house. Not infrequently the result of their match was in doubt until Evans had given his awards. Their play was very level, each being handicapped at 10 and playing about 16, and the one or two holes in dispute generally represented the margin between them. Evans was a tactful man, but he had to solace himself with the knowledge that if his opinions angered Moss they made Cross his very warm friend, while if adverse to Cross, Moss at least went home happy.

One eventful day the two antagonists played a match which lives not only in their memory but in the recollection of all who heard of it, which nearly brought about the resignation of the arbiter, Evans.

The trouble began at the first hole. There had been heavy rain and the course was muddy in places. They were both on the green in four and Colonel Cross holed his put from about six yards, leaving Major Moss a ten-footer for a half. Sour but determined, Moss was about to play when he suddenly said—



"THIS IS NOT MY BALL."

"This is not my ball!"

Nor was it. He had played on with a stray ball that someone had lost. He looked round for his ball, and glancing at the one Cross held in his hand, exclaimed—

"That is my ball!"

It was. There was no doubt of it. It was a Blue dot, and Moss always played with a Red dot; Cross had begun with a Blue dot.

"My hole," said Moss, "you played with my ball."

"Nonsense," said Cross, "you made a mistake too. We must play it out."

"Absurd," rejoined Moss. "I played a ball outside the match and that doesn't matter. You played my ball, you lose the hole."

"Not at all. We both made a mistake owing to the mud. You can put that for a half, or it is my hole."

Each was convinced he was right, and eventually Moss agreed "without prejudice" to try the put. He missed it.

"My hole," said the Colonel.

"Not a bit, my hole," said the Major. "We'll ask Evans."

Naturally both claimed the honour at the second hole, but eventually Cross drove first. Moss followed and the unexpected happened. The first ball, a topped shot, had stopped on the edge of a ditch about a hundred yards away and the Major's drive, also slightly topped, was clearly seen to hit Cross's ball, and both rolled into the ditch.

"I can pick mine out," remarked Cross as they walked towards them.

"With the loss of a stroke," said Moss.

"Certainly not," said Cross. "You may not play tricks with my ball. This is golf, not croquet."

"The rub of the green," said Moss tersely.

"Don't you know the rules?" asked Cross. "You can always replace a ball that your opponent moves."

"Only on the green," said Moss.

They picked out and played. Moss holed out in six with a penalty of one for the ditch. Cross took the same number but refused to add on his penalty for picking out and dropping behind.

"You must," said Moss. "It is a half."

"We'll ask Evans," rejoined Cross. "He knows the rules."

Owing perhaps to his agitation, Cross lost his ball from his drive at the third hole. Moss found his on the fairway, and after a decent interval murmured—"Lost ball, lost hole."

"Haven't you heard of the new rules," said the Colonel coldly. "I go back and play another, counting two."

This was done in silence. Moss was down in four more shots, but the Colonel, whose second tee shot was a complete success, followed it up by putting his third shot dead and holing out.

"A half after all!" he cried gleefully and strode to the fourth tee, where he made quite a good drive. The Major drove too, and then said:

"You're wrong. By that new rule you can go

back and play again, but you lose stroke *and* distance. So you count three, not two, for your second drive. That makes it my hole.

"Not at all," said the Colonel. "Even if you're right you're too late. We've left the green and started another hole. You can't reopen it."

"Why not?" said Moss.

"Because you can't. That's the rule. It's turned and quitted. It's a half."

"I thought we were playing golf, not bridge," said Moss crushingly. "We'll ask Evans."

The next few shots were uneventful. They both found trouble and arrived at the edge of the green in six. The Colonel ran his approach up to within seven feet of the hole. The Major topped his and it ran over the green and rested hard against a wooden fence. He looked at it earnestly. There was no way of getting at it, so he jabbed savagely with his niblick, hoping it would rebound well towards the pin. Unfortunately the wood at the foot of the fence was rotten and the ball, instead of flying back, sank right into the fence and stuck there, half through it.

"I CAN PICK MINE OUT," REMARKED CROSS

"Out of bounds," said Cross. "Drop another and lose a stroke."

"Not at all. It's on the boundary and I can play it," and so saying Moss climbed over the fence and hacked at the section of the ball visible on the other side. By a miracle he dislodged it with just enough force to put it within a foot of the hole.

"You can't do that," said Cross, "but anyway I've got two for it." He made his put. It lipped the hole and ran past behind the other ball, leaving him a stymie. He found appropriate words, but reflected: "Anyway I claim the hole; you broke the rule and played a ball out of bounds."

"It wasn't," said Moss. "You said you had two for it. Now you've that for it."

The Colonel seized his niblick and tried to lift his ball over the other into the hole. He overdid it and ran past, and in his anger missed the short return put.

"My hole," said Moss calmly.

"Not at all. I claimed it and I claim it."

"We'll ask Evans!"

The fifth was a long hole, and the Colonel, still quivering with rage, drove his ball hard into the first bunker. He took four to get out, while the Major stood by making no effort to hide his satisfaction. But his triumph was brief. He sliced his third badly and it found what was perhaps the deepest bunker in the course, one that was not supposed to have anything to do with that line of country at all. He strode down to it and looking up could see nothing but the wall of sand in front of him.

BY A MIRACLE HE DISLODGED IT

"Where's the green?" he shouted to his caddy. The youth stood at the left side of the bunker and indicated the line.

"Stand back and hold a club above your head where I can see it," said Moss.

The boy did as he was told and in a cloud of sand the ball neatly rose in the right direction.

"Some shot that!" he cried exultantly as he scrambled up to the fairway.

"Yes," said Cross, "but it's my hole. You mayn't have anyone to mark the line while you are playing!"

They argued about it till they reached the pin. The Colonel was down in nine and the Major in six. Each claimed the hole and both heatedly decided to "ask Evans."

The sixth appeared likely to be void of incident. It was a longish bogey four and they were both comfortably on the green in three. Cross putted first and his ball stopped three inches from the hole. Then Moss had a put of about ten feet slightly down hill for it. His ball ran gently on and appeared to stop about a foot from the hole.

"Half," said Cross, knocking his in, and as he said it the other ball turned over and rolled three inches nearer.

"My hole," cried Moss. "You played before my ball had stopped rolling!"

"Rot! It had stopped, and then went on, and it didn't reach the hole anyway."

"Can't help that. It's my hole. You ask Evans."

They were soon in trouble at the seventh owing to the state of the ground. When each had played two they found the Colonel's ball in casual water in a bunker and the Major's in casual water short of the bunker. The latter claimed that he could move without penalty but that there was a penalty of a stroke for moving the ball in the bunker. The Colonel dissented and they finished the hole in five each with the point still undecided and subject to reference to the usual authority. Their caddies were young and inexperienced and neither of the players would have accepted their opinion if it had been expressed.

The eighth was a short hole, but both failed to reach the green. Cross chipped his approach to within a yard of the pin and Moss ran three yards past it. They then found that in some unexplained way they had changed balls.

"We must play it out as we lie," said Cross.

"I think not," said Moss. "You made the first mistake and therefore lose the hole, but we'll replace them and play it again if you like.

"Not a bit," said Cross. "We are both wrong and we finish with the balls we approached with."

"I disagree," said Moss, "and I claim the hole. We'll play it out and ask

Evans." He missed his put. The Colonel got his put down for a three.

The line of the ninth hole was close to that of the fourteenth. Both players got fairly good drives and Moss was about to play his second when a cry of "Fore" from the fourteenth tee made them duck.

A hooked tee shot came whizzing along and struck a tree just ahead of them. Quite a respectable branch fluttered down some three yards in front of Major Moss's ball. He threw it on one side and played his shot.

"I claim the hole," said Cross. "You may not move loose impediments that are more than a club's length from the ball."

"D———!" replied Moss, who thought this time his opponent might be right. "Anyway I am three up at the turn."

"Three up! You're three down!" cried the Colonel. "You began by losing the first and——"

"I won the first. But let us get on. We shall not forget them and Evans will tot it up for us."

They never did forget them: they still relate every stroke. They started the homeward half with renewed determination, but freakish fortune had by no means done with them and they were soon quarrelling again. The Colonel's ball rested on some ground under repair. He picked it up and dropped it over his shoulder and it hit his neck and rolled over into a bunker close by. He picked it up to drop it again.

"You cannot do that," said Moss. "You must play it where it lies."

"Nonsense," said the Colonel. "It was an accident and I can drop again in a playable position."

"Bunkers are playable," returned Moss. "You lose either a stroke or the hole if you move it. I think Evans says you lose the hole."

"Wait and ask him," growled the Colonel. He played the shot and won the hole—by his own counting—in five strokes to six.

The eleventh hole saw the two in harmony for the first time. Moss lost his ball, and while they were looking for it they let the pair behind them go through.

"I'll give you the hole," said the Major, who had already played two more. "It's no use going back and playing six." They walked quickly to the twelfth tee and were about to drive when the pair they had let through came up and claimed the right to go on.

"Certainly not," said Cross. "We abandoned that hole and there was no one on this tee when we got here."

"That doesn't matter," said Reed, one of the other pair. "You let us through, and it was jolly well time you did. You can't go on as if you hadn't unless we let you."

"You're only cutting in," added Devereux, his partner. "You must follow the course."

"We have followed the course," said Moss. "There is nothing to prevent anyone going on when they've lost a ball. Goodness knows how long you might wait."

Reed and Devereux insisted on playing and the gallant soldiers found a common cause in abusing their unsportsmanlike behaviour while they watched them getting out of range. But their truce only lasted till the next green. They both reached it in three creditable shots and Cross sank a long put for a four. Moss played his put and Cross's caddy, who was holding the flag and whose attention had been momentarily distracted by something which Reed and Devereux were doing at the next tee, let the ball strike his foot.

"My hole," said Moss. "It's rough on you, but we must play the game."

"Play it then," said Cross savagely, "and claim a half although you were a foot from the hole."

"Why a half? It's my hole if your caddie interferes with my ball. Everyone knows that rule."

"You were playing for a half. You couldn't do better and you cannot count more. Some people know that rule!"

"We'll ask Evans."

Trouble began at the thirteenth. Moss, who occasionally hit a prodigious drive, got in one of his best, but unluckily it just reached a ditch that was generally carried with the second. When the two got up to the ditch the ball could not be found, the heavy rain having made the water deep and turbid.

"Bad luck," said Cross. "Lost ball—you must go back to the tee and play three."

"No," said Moss, who knew he would never get another drive like that. "No, I can drop behind the ditch and play three from there."

At the sixteenth Moss asked his caddie to go forward, as there was a patch of jungle to carry from the tee. Moss carried the whins and his caddie moved across to mark the ball. As he was moving he was struck lightly on the arm by the drive from Cross.

"That makes it my hole," said Cross. "Why didn't he look out?"

"It's not your hole," said Moss. "A fore caddie is outside the match. It's the rub of the green."

Obviously there was a good deal to say on both sides, and it was said all the way as they strode up to their balls.

"I'll play on without prejudice," said Cross. He lost the hole but still counted it as his.

The seventeenth hole passed absolutely and incredibly without incident. It was halved in four. In the peaceful interlude Moss's caddie asked if he might cut off. Moss good-humouredly paid him off and told him to come back the next day. Then driving from the last tee he had the misfortune to slice badly and hit the retiring boy.

"That's my hole anyway!" said Cross excitedly.

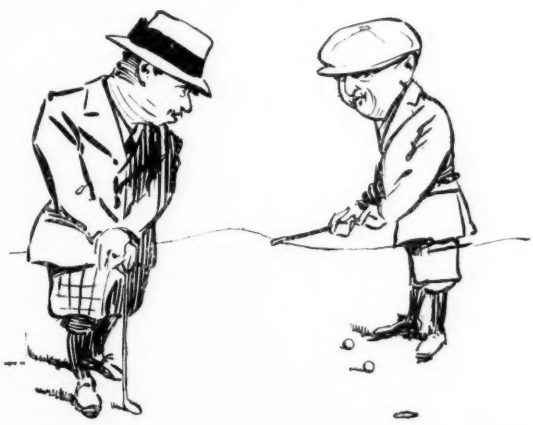
"Why?"

"Your ball struck your caddie. You can't dispute that!"

"He isn't my caddie. I paid him off. He's nothing to do with the match."

"Where is Evans?" they cried together as they met a group of men on the verandah, and Cross added: "We want to know which of us has won our match."

One of them, Devereux, replied: "He has just gone home. I think he saw you coming!"



THERE WERE SOME HEATED WORDS AT THE 14TH

N.B.—*But who DID win the match? Possibly some of our readers with a knowledge of the Rules would like to figure it out.*

PLACE KICKING AT RUGBY FOOTBALL

By MAJOR R. A. CHRYSTAL

AS a match-winning asset, place-kicking should be one of the most carefully-studied branches of Rugby Football. Yet it is rather astonishing to note the lack of progress in this department of the game in recent years, if, indeed, there has not been actual retrogression.

There are believed to be a few really good goal-getters in the country, but in most matches, even International ones, the most lamentable exhibitions are seen. A perusal of the Sunday papers shows, week after week, that on the whole the percentage of goals kicked to tries scored is a very low one.

It may be of interest, therefore, to go into details a little, and see if a method cannot be devised whereby place-kicking can be improved, as most modern writers and players are apparently content to follow along conventional lines, with indifferent results, except in the case of a few experts who have really studied the matter.

The question is, no doubt, one of applied mechanics, but the writer has no wish to get out of his depth by attempting to argue on these lines. What concerns him most is getting the right part of the boot applied to the right part of the ball.

In practically every place-kick, however the ball is placed, it flies off with underspin, *i.e.*, revolving backwards towards the kicker. And it may be generally noticed that *the more the underspin the less the length*, especially against the wind. The few professors who have really mastered the secret of long kicking tee up the ball on a circular ridge, and having well and truly applied the toe to the extreme tail end of the ball, the latter flies off point foremost, like a shell, but, *sooner or later*, owing to the resistance of the air, it begins to develop underspin, and if the ball has been accurately placed, and kicked on exactly the right spot, it will carry on pretty straight.

Most modern kickers, however, manage to get the tail end of the ball buried in the ground, and apply the foot to the upper part of it, the result of which is a glancing blow which will never produce length and seldom accuracy.

It has become almost a fetish that it is necessary to place the ball canted towards the goal aimed at in order to get length. But of what use is length without accuracy? And there is practically no margin for error in this method of placing. A very slight error on the part of the placer will ruin all chances of getting correct direction, as the further the ball travels, the more does such error become magnified. Secondly, the tail end of a Rugby ball is an extremely small object to kick with absolute accuracy. And thirdly, the condition of the ground may be such that it is impossible, or at least difficult, to make the right sort of hole or tee for the ball without hanging up the whole game for an unconscionable time.

Even twenty years ago the method of placing the ball straight up and down was looked down upon as obsolete and old-fashioned, and modern writers, while in some cases recommending this position for kicks in front of goal, dismiss it in a few words.

A kick straight in front of goal is taken about ten to fifteen yards out, and as many writers have pointed out, it is not necessary to run at the ball, one step being sufficient. The toe is aimed at the lowest visible part of the ball, which develops extreme underspin, rises high, and does not travel far. The kick is, in fact, a sort of scuffling dab of the toe along the surface of the ground. Assuming as we shall hereafter that the kicker is right-footed, the left foot is placed on the ground about a foot or fifteen inches behind the ball. Here is the whole secret, and as in cricket, golf, lawn tennis, etc., the advantages of correct foot work are apparent.

Now take a kick which requires more force. Your kicker, realising that more force means more leg swing, instinctively plants his left foot farther back from the ball. His kicking leg, in fact, becomes a pendulum which is swung from a point more or less above the stance of the left foot. And the farther that foot is from the ball, the higher up will the kicking toe impinge on the ball, because it is on the rise all the time. This fact is, in itself, quite sufficient to account for the difficulty most people experience in getting the toe to the tail of the ball, if canted away from them. All such expedients, to prevent kicking the ball on the top, such as pointing the toe, lead to loss of force and accuracy; the foot must be kept approximately at right angles to the shin bone, with a rigid ankle.

These requirements, while increasing the difficulties of the tail-end kicker, are positive advantages in the case of the man who takes all manner of kicks with the ball placed straight up and down. It is not known if there are any of the latter nowadays, but the writer hopes a few players will take the trouble to experiment, and if successful, as they should be, to spread the gospel.

With upright placing, the ball can be kicked anywhere from the lowest visible point to one little short of half-way up. But, as has been already pointed out, we cannot go too far up, as we have to consider, in this case, a tendency on the part of the sharply-rising toe to impart overspin to the ball, which would be equivalent to "topping" at golf.

Within reasonable limits, however, the higher up the ball the toe arrives, the less the underspin and the greater the length. There is a point, fairly high up, which, if attained, will produce such length combined with accuracy as would astonish most tail-enders. As an instance of this, the writer may mention a case in which, owing to a following wind, the kicker of a certain XV. was instructed to kick over the line from the centre, and let the other fellows drop out. The result, wind or no wind, certainly astonished the kicker, if no one else, as the ball, aimed half-way between the goal and the corner flag, pitched (and burst) on the top of a tall thorn hedge behind the dead ball line.

The advantage of upright placing is, however, accuracy, which is very easy to learn. The four-piece ball is more suitable for the upright kicker, as there is the back seam to guide the eye, which should be kept on the ball as much as in golf. But

even with slight inaccuracy on the part of the placer or even the kicker, there is still a reasonable chance of the ball going straight, provided that a few simple requirements (to be detailed hereafter) are considered.

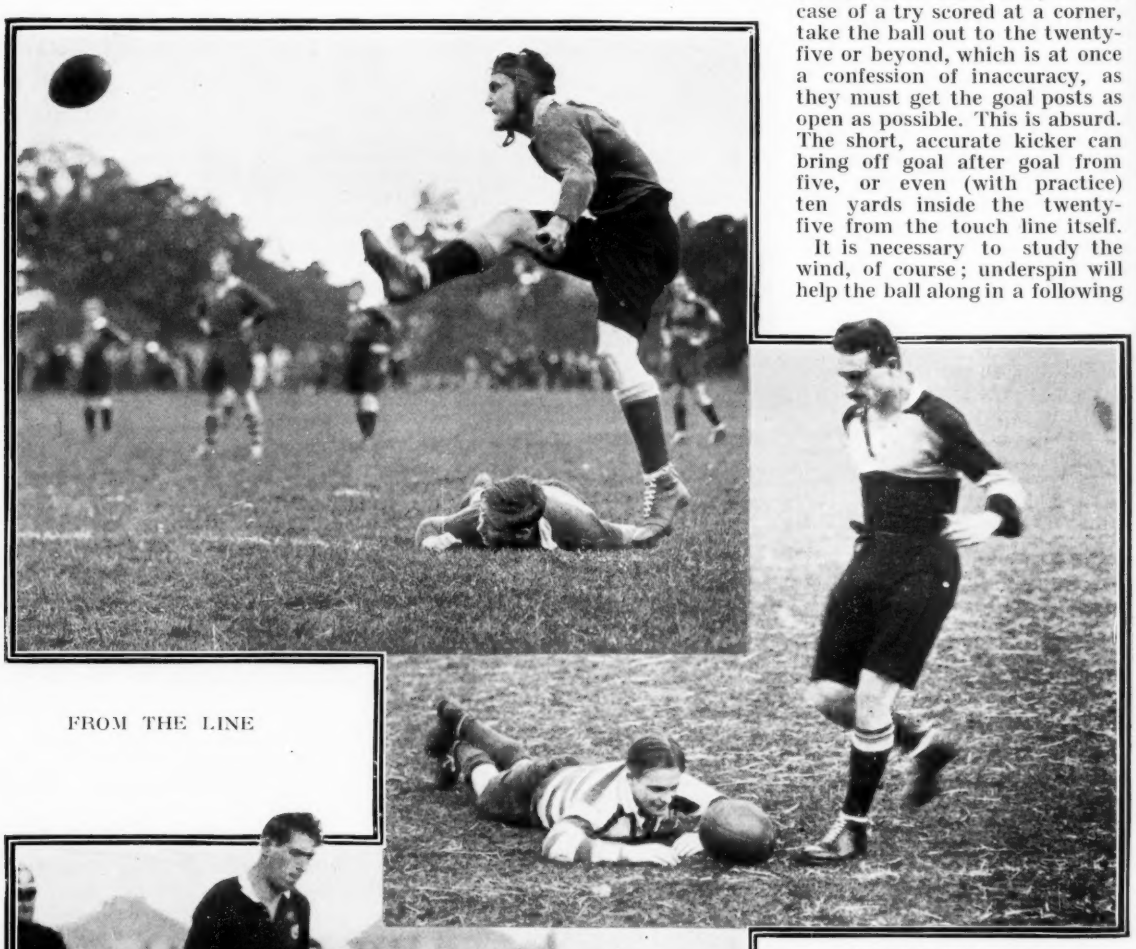
The six-piece ball offers a better mark to the tail-ender, as it is usually less pointed, but on a wet day is more apt to become sodden and heavy.

Now anyone can, with a little practice, become an accurate place-kicker, provided he places the ball up and down. If he can combine accuracy with length, so much the better, but this is not really necessary. The modern tail-enders, in the case of a try scored at a corner, take the ball out to the twenty-five or beyond, which is at once a confession of inaccuracy, as they must get the goal posts as open as possible. This is absurd. The short, accurate kicker can bring off goal after goal from five, or even (with practice) ten yards inside the twenty-five from the touch line itself.

It is necessary to study the wind, of course; underspin will help the ball along in a following wind, but in kicking against the wind aim high up to check underspin, which will cause the forward motion of the ball to be checked altogether; a quickly spinning ball is soon at the mercy of the wind, whereas in the case of one spinning slowly, all the propelling force is utilised towards gaining length.

One of the most satisfactory kicks from the touch line is that in which the wind is blowing straight down the field towards the goal aimed at. The ball is placed to travel about five yards outside the posts, and is kicked with plenty of spin. It comes to rest in the air, just in front of the posts, spinning hard, when the wind takes

(*Continued on page* 535.)



FROM THE LINE

GETTING ON TO IT

THE BALL PLACED IN THE MODERN FASHION

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

No. CVIII.—The Earl of Dunraven, K.P., C.M.G.

BY THE LATE ALFRED E. T. WATSON

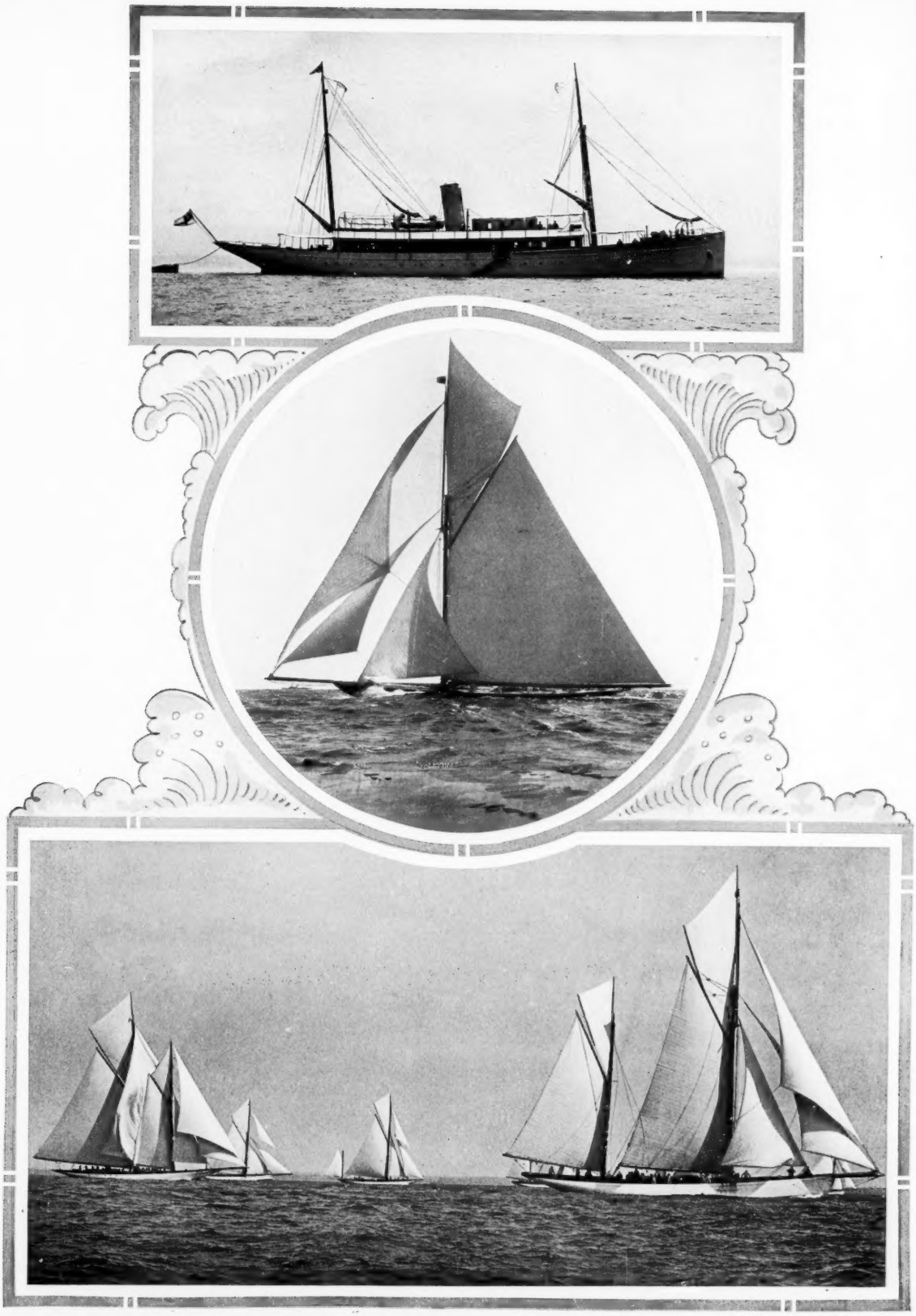
IF any attempt had been made to place the "Sportsmen of Mark" with whom we have dealt in the order of distinction and achievement, there would have been a sound reason to give the lead to Lord Dunraven, whom I certainly had no intention of neglecting, for he is a very old friend—we are original members of a well-known social club which dates from the mid-seventies. For he is one of those who has played the game all round, and that with notable success. Perhaps when his name is mentioned in connection with sport he will be thought of as a yachtsman, the first challenger for the America Cup, builder of yachts that have won many races in many seas. On the other hand, the devotee of the Turf would think of him as owner and breeder of horses, in particular of his connection with L'Abbesse de Jouarre, winner of the Oaks of 1889, in partnership, however, with Lord Randolph Churchill, but sole owner of Desmond, who after his racing career was over, when standing at the Adare Stud, produced so many horses of the first class, and in 1913 headed the list of winning sires. Those who have read Lord Dunraven's lately published Reminiscences, the two volumes entitled "Past Times and Pastimes," will be apt to wonder whether as a sportsman he does not best fulfil his own ideal, altogether away from the deck of a yacht or the paddock of a racecourse, that being to go out into the wilderness provided only with a few of the very barest necessities, trusting to his rifle for the necessary food. This is surely the sportsman *in excelsis!*

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P.

When Lord Dunraven contemplated the writing of this book he asked me if I could help him to find details of steeplechases in which he had ridden—winners and losers. It was the first I had ever heard of his having taken active part in racing between the flags. I was unable to be of service, to my great regret. It matters the less as, at any rate, the horses he rode have been forgotten in the lapse of time, for it must be between fifty and sixty years since he wore silk. It will suffice here to note that he did ride 'chasers, so adding a segment to the circle which justifies the description "all round." He is a fisherman, taking to it the more kindly, as he says, by reason of "a pleasant delusion that anyhow fish don't feel." But is that a delusion? One is inclined to think it is a fact. If fish were greatly distressed at being hooked, it may safely be assumed that they would not immediately proceed to satisfy their appetites, and it is a common occurrence for anglers to take fish and find that there is a hook in their mouths. It may be feared that it will touch the pride of many fishermen who have landed fish that scaled over 30 lbs.—and who have lost others into whom they were fast and who must surely, had they not escaped, have turned the scale at anything over 40 lbs., there is no limit to the size of the big ones that escape—to be told that "anyone can hook a salmon." Lord Dunraven adds, however, that living within 10 yards of a salmon river, as he does, salmon-fishing has lost its savour for him. It is the trout he prefers as a quarry, declaring that the stalking of trout in clear water is akin to stalking a moose or caribou or wapiti.

There are again many men who regard stalking as the noblest of sports. Lord Dunraven, who has views of his own, does not agree with them. The weak point in it, according to his idea, is that the stalking is done for you. On this he touches in his book, emphasizing the difference between the gillie who finds your stag and the hunter who finds it himself.

"Oh!" he exclaims, "the joy of going out by yourself alone in the wilderness or wood with your rifle, hatchet, knife, a box of matches, a tin pannikin,



THE YACHTS OF A YACHTSMAN.—Top: *Lord Dunraven's Motor Yacht "Sona."* Middle: *"Valkyrie."* Bottom: *Start of His Majesty's Cup,* 1909—*Lord Dunraven's "Cariad"* (*right*).

ADARE: THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN

a little tea and sugar and a biscuit, complete and independent. The delight of searching for and finding the sign of your quarry, the scientific stalk, the kill. Then to prepare and hang up the carcass, to build a little fire, boil a pannikin of tea, eat a biscuit, smoke a pipe, find your way back to camp, and lead your Indians out next morning to pack in the meat. Then you feel a man—a real man, free of the free wood, and, after all, is not the freedom, the liberty of self-dependence the one essential in life?" Lord Dunraven has hunted in England and Ireland, as might be expected from a steeplechase rider, and he plays a little golf, short sight having debarred him from cricket. To shine as a golfer is not his great ambition. Sandy Herd's testimonial when the famous professional was asked how the Earl had played was, "He just taps them along, but he taps them straight."

Lord Dunraven, looking back over his yachting career, explains that when serving in the 1st Life Guards he had to take second leave, and his cruises were necessarily always in the autumn. His enthusiasm for yacht-racing was aroused by experiences with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Jameson in *Irex*, and in 1888 he built *Petronilla*. She won nine flags in twenty-eight starts, which her owner regarded as a poor record, indeed he describes her as rather a beast, too lean forward. When she plunged into a head sea, the result was fearful and wonderful to behold, that is to say to feel, he states. The yachting experiences would make a book by themselves, indeed they fill a considerable portion of the two bulky volumes which have lately been issued. The pictures which Lord Dunraven has kindly lent me will give an idea of his best known boats. In 1891 he built *L'Esperance*, a wooden cutter intended chiefly for cruising. There is something about *L'Esperance* which appears to puzzle her former owner. He sold her to Prince Henry of Prussia, whom he knew well and liked much, and he finds it hard to believe that the Kaiser's brother utilised his visits to England for the purpose of obtaining information to use against his hosts. Lord Dunraven has built a large number of yachts in his time. Prior to *L'Esperance* came the first *Valkyrie*, a composite ship, 75 feet on the water-line. He was in hopes of a race of the America Cup for 75-footers, but the hope was vain. *Valkyrie*, however, did well at home, for in 1889 she won twenty-three flags in thirty-three starts. This *Valkyrie* he sold to the Archduke Karl Stephen of Austria, and proceeded in 1892 to build *Valkyrie II.* This was almost a sister ship to the then Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, and the two were often found in antagonism. One recollection is not, perhaps, altogether pleasant. Carter, who sailed *Britannia*, to speak plainly, fouled *Valkyrie II.*, imagining, it was suspected, that everyone would be ready to give way to his Royal master. We may be sure that the Prince himself would have detested the idea of being in any way favoured. Lord Dunraven's skipper was not a little annoyed, though he expressed himself mildly, merely remarking, "I am afraid I cannot ask the Prince of Wales to tea the next time he comes to my village." The result of the race was, however, that *Valkyrie II.* was awarded the first prize, and *Calluna*, who had also suffered, the second.

There is natural curiosity to hear what Lord Dunraven has to say about the America Cup, which he took *Valkyrie II.* across the Atlantic in the hope of winning in the autumn of 1893. On arrival in New York, he says that he found his crew suffering much from the effects of the climate. That is practically all, the subject being one upon which he prefers not to dwell, and on returning to England, or rather to Scotland, disaster befel! the boat in the

BEAUTIFUL IN DECAY: OLD ADARE

summer of 1894. She was sunk by *Satanita*. The most indignant man on board *Valkyrie II.* was, Lord Dunraven says, his steward, whose description of the occurrence is quaint. "I was in my pantry," he says, "just cleaning up, when in comes this here vessel right into my pantry." *Valkyrie III.* also went to America to contest the Cup, and, as Lord Dunraven drily observes, "came home without it." The course was very badly kept, as readers will doubtless have heard, excursion steamers seriously interfering with the yachts, and much ill-feeling was created by the protest against *Defender* which Lord Dunraven reluctantly felt himself bound to make.

I am not observing chronology, for it was years before this that Lord Dunraven had those experiences of "hunting," as we must call it, in America, the recollections of which continue to afford him such sincere satisfaction. As guide he was fortunate in securing the services of no less distinguished a person than Mr. William Cody, the famous "Buffalo Bill," an equally efficient companion known as "Texas Jack" being also of the party. Buffalo Bill was then a Government Scout, but the leave for which he asked was freely granted and they set off, Lord Dunraven fearing that the game had been scared off and being assured that plenty of game would be found for him if he could hit it, which it is no compliment to say he did with considerable success. His first introduction to an elk was almost alarming, the creature looked so enormous, with horns like branching trees. Elk, moose, caribou, wapiti, all fell to Lord Dunraven's rifle, but such a sketchy account as I could give in the space at disposal would do no sort of justice to the subject, and I can cordially recommend the two lately-published volumes, as also, if it is still procurable, a fascinating book by Lord Dunraven called "The Great Divide," which was published as long ago as 1876.

I have omitted to say that in his time Lord Dunraven has done a little mountaineering, but to many to whom these pages appeal his racing experiences will be the most interesting of all. His recollections go back to the days of Admiral Rous and George Payne, necessarily including what may be called their successors. Among his friends were "The Mate," the Lord Suffolk of the eighties and nineties, whose writing used to be familiar to readers of the earlier numbers of this Magazine, and many of whose letters to me—he was a most instructive and diverting correspondent—I published in my own volume of reminiscences, "A Sporting and Dramatic Career." The Marquis of Hastings was another friend of Lord Dunraven's, as was "The Captain"—there used to be only one Captain whose identity was realised without the mention of his name—Machell. The Captain wanted a good deal of managing, for he was easily upset and his temper was fierce when roused. Lord Dunraven, indeed, has the idea that more than once he adjusted differences which might have led to serious quarrels. A visit to Abyssinia cut short the Earl's early acquaintance with the Turf, and it was long after his return that his dark blue, yellow chevrons, sleeves and cap, became well known. L'Abbesse de Jouarre, whom he owned in partnership with Lord Randolph Churchill, used to run in the latter's colours, pink, brown sleeves and cap.

This filly, a daughter of Trappist and Festive, came out for the first time in the Croydon Spring Two-Year-Old Plate of 1888, and seeing that good flat-race horses were seldom seen at this meeting, famous for cross-country sport, it is very remarkable that the beautiful Amphion should have been one of the runners. Amphion was favourite at 2 to 1, the filly little behind him at 5 to 2. I well remember

the race, having taken much interest in Amphion in consequence of his extraordinary good looks and attractive action, for I used often to see him at work on the Stockbridge Downs, where he was trained by Chandler, a tenant of Tom Cannon's. Amphion won easily, L'Abbesse de Jouarre unplaced, but with Tom Cannon on her back she started favourite at 5 to 4 for the May Plate at Headquarters, and won by half a length from Aggie. She also won the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate with odds of 5 to 2 on her, and was sent to Ascot to run for the Fern Hill. Here she had only one opponent, the three-year-old Hazelhatch, whom I recall as having had an extraordinary amount of white about him. He was too good for the two-year-old filly. For the West Riding Champagne Trial Plate at Pontefract the then Lord Lascelles, now Lord Harewood, provided a favourite in Royal Glen, who went down before the pink, brown sleeves and cap.

So far, there had been nothing to suggest the probability of L'Abbesse de Jouarre winning a classic race, nor was anything revealed for the rest of the season. With 8 st. 3 lbs. she was beaten for the Sandown Nursery; with 8 st. 6 lbs., third for the Rous Nursery at Headquarters; and with 8 st. 3 lbs., beaten for the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby; nor was she expected in this last, 100 to 6 being laid against her. As a three-year-old she made her first appearance in the Oaks, winning by a neck from Minthe, favourite at 9 to 4, and she showed up to advantage in the Hunt Cup, running third, with 7 st. 2 lbs., including a 5 lb. penalty for the Oaks, to the Danebury-trained White Legs, the Danebury-bred Fullerton—sold by Tom Cannon to Sir George Chetwynd, for whom he won the City and Suburban—running into fourth place. L'Abbesse de Jouarre was third again to Lord Zetland's Pinzon and Mr. James Lowther's Workington for the Great Northern St. Leger at Stockton. It seemed little use starting her for the Doncaster classic, but she went to the post. This was Donovan's year, and it now seems strange that as little as 13 to 8 should have been laid on him; but Chitabob, a really good colt when at his best, who had beaten Donovan, with an advantage in the weights however, as a two-year-old, was particularly fit and well, and freely backed at 5 to 1. Chitabob, I believe, suffered from rheumatism. It was, at any rate, very difficult to catch him at his best. L'Abbesse de Jouarre ran for the Cambridgeshire, but the fact of 1,000 to 15 being laid against her is sufficiently significant.

Desmond is the horse chiefly associated with Lord Dunraven's Turf career. He was a son of St. Simon and L'Abbesse de Jouarre, the latter having become the sole property of the Master of Adare. Coming to hand early in the season, he was started for the Brocklesby and, moreover, expected to win it. There were two joint favourites at 4 to 1—Mr. Vyner's Mintstalk, and Amurath, belonging to Mr. H. L. Raphael, father of Mr. Walter Raphael. Desmond pressed them in the market at 9 to 2 and made a good fight, Amurath, however, beating him by a length and a half. For the Woodcote, odds of 5 to 4 were laid on Desmond, who came as near to success as he could have come without absolutely achieving it, being beaten a short head by a filly called Fairy Gold. I do not remember Rumbold, who rode Desmond in his first two races, and can offer no opinion, therefore, on his ability, but Morny Cannon was engaged to ride him in the Summer Breeders' Foal Stakes at Manchester, and he won his first race from the Marquis de Serramezzana's Musetta. He stamped himself as a good colt by winning the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, which, in 1898, brought out a supposed good thing belonging to Captain Machell, who proved to be one of his few mistakes. He had so high an opinion of this colt, Blackwing, a son of Gallinule and Black Witch, that odds of 6 to 4 were freely laid on him. Blackwing had won the Worth Stakes at Gatwick, but he could do no better than run a moderate third to Desmond and Melfi, and he never won another race all the season. There was an exciting struggle for the July that year, Evantail, belonging to the Prince of Wales, being favourite at 11 to 10. Desmond was backed at 13 to 8, and with T. Loates on his back beat the bearer of the Royal colours a neck. One of the other two runners was Harrow, who for some years held the mile record till it was surpassed on the same course, Lingfield, shortly afterwards by Caiman. Desmond was expected to win the Champagne. He started a 5 to 4 favourite, to be beaten into third place by Willie Low's Mark Forrard and Douglas Baird's Musa. I forget what happened to Mark Forrard, but little more was heard of him. Musa, however, won the Oaks. Desmond's last appearance of the season was in the Dewhurst. By this time it was recognised that whether he won his races depended in a great measure upon whether he chose to do so; it was recognised that he might always turn up. Odds of 8 to 1 were laid against him, and he finished fourth to Frontier, Caiman—favourite at 11 to 8 on—and Vara.

1899 was Flying Fox's year. Desmond was started for the Two Thousand, but made no show, and it was determined to give him an easy race, one which apparently he could not lose, in order to encourage him. The Third Welter Handicap at Newmarket was chosen, and if he would do anything at all it was so obvious he must win that the least shade over even money was taken about him. He declined to start. The Derby that year was supposed to be a match between Flying Fox and the grey Holocauste, and it will be remembered how the French visitor broke his leg coming down the hill from Tattenham Corner. In his book, Sloan maintains that he must have won had all gone well with his mount, and Sloan was no doubt an admirable judge. Watching the race, however, I was never much alarmed as to my bet on the favourite. Desmond got off, but did little. He was sent to Ascot for the Rous Memorial, supposed to be a good thing for Dominie, belonging to that cheery sportsman Lord William Beresford, but he was beaten by Champ de Mars, The Baker third, and Crestfallen, the son of Ocean Wave and Dolores, who is always put forward as an example of a perfectly named horse, finishing in front of Desmond. In the Sandown Foal Stakes, in which he made his last appearance, Desmond was once more left at the post. Seeing what his disposition was, it required some courage to send mares to him when he had gone to Lord Dunraven's stud, but many of those who did so reaped a rich reward. Two of his sons ran to a head in the Derby of 1913, Aboyeur—readers are doubtless acquainted with this—being declared the winner after the disqualification of Craganour. It is always maintained that Desmond's son Lomond was unfortunate not to have won the Derby of his year.

One day at Longchamps I found myself next to Lord Dunraven in the Tribune, for which that kind friend of English sportsmen, M. du Bos, had kindly provided us with tickets. I offered congratulations on the successes Desmond had been achieving, and asked his owner if he did not intend to raise the fee? He proposed to do so, he said, little suspecting that Desmond had been found dead

THE IRISH SCENE

in his box that morning! I do not think Lord Dunraven ever got particularly excited about racing. We breakfasted together, however, at Monte Carlo in the spring of 1895, when he was certainly anxious for news of what had happened to Festa, an own sister to Desmond, who had run for the Brocklesby the previous day. Festa was a good deal fancied, and I was able to tell him that she had not won, as I had received a telegram informing me that the race had most unexpectedly been won by Kyoto, a colt who was not at all fancied. Lomond has taken the place of his sire at Adare, where, too, Hainault is standing. This is a son of Swynford and Bromus, half-brother therefore to Phalaris, who did fairly good service for his breeder, Lord Derby, when in training, and I am told is getting good stock. Lomond, up to the time of writing, has this year produced twenty-seven winners of thirty-seven races, worth in all close upon £10,000. He may be said to have done well last year, when his offspring won twenty races, but he is evidently on the up-grade. At the age of eighty, Lord Dunraven has recently built a new yacht, and it is sincerely to be hoped that he will live long to enjoy her.

HOME FROM THE HILL

THE ANGLER'S COMPANION TO THE RIVERS AND LOCHS OF SCOTLAND.

By Thomas Stoddart.
(Edited with an introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell.)
Herbert Jenkins (15/- net).

'TIS seventy years and more since Thomas Stoddart sent out from Kelso his life work on Angling; and he was before that author as well as a fisherman, for his first "Angling Reminiscences" were published when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. So that his book has all the sanction of antiquity: Sir Herbert Maxwell, his introducer, confesses that much of his advice about fishing gear is mainly of archæological interest. But the keenness and cut of his observation remain; you will hardly find even now a shrewder philosophy of the salmon fly, and you will never lose the consciousness that a master of the art is conversing with you. He was educated for a legal career, becoming a member of the faculty of Advocates, but he never practised, and we may presume that he never needed to do so. Certain it is that he never wanted to, for the story is told that when Tom had reached middle age he met again a friend of his youth who had reached the dignity of Sheriff of Lanark. Said the Sheriff, "Well, Tom, what are you doing now?" and replied Tom, "Doing? Man, I'm an angler." And that, as Sir Herbert Maxwell observes, was the whole, or all but the whole of his career. He passed from river to loch and from loch to river in whatsoever part of Scotland fish were to be found and caught. No man, save, perhaps, the late Mr. P. D. Malloch, of Perth, cast angle in so many Scottish waters.

LORD ESMÉ GORDON LENNOX on "THE BIRKS," SPEY
(From "The Angler's Companion," Herbert Jenkins)

To few salmon fishers can his name, his fame, or his work be unfamiliar. Yet lest there be any such, let us summarise in his own words what in his "Angler's Companion" he set out to do and did. He writes of "what relates to river trait, and the various methods of capturing them, as pursued on Tweedside and elsewhere"; he has dealt briefly and generally of trouting with the fly, and on the practice of worm fishing in clear waters, minnow and parr-tail spinning he has entered into circumstantial details. It may be added that he entered also into details of that kind with respect to the employment of that deadly bait, salmon-roe, now prohibited. The natural history of the salmon he takes as far as he knew it: we do not know it all now. But with regard to the flies for salmon fishing he stands on assured ground and not the most modern of anglers can shake him from his stance. Further, he has endeavoured "to give an accurate account of our first-class rivers and their tributaries, embodying to the best of his knowledge all that relates to their salmon fishings." No man could do more: but though seventy years ago the magnitude of the task might have daunted anyone less devoted, it would be more arduous of accomplishment and perhaps of less profit to-day. Anglers have multiplied fifty-fold: the railways have brought lochs then scarcely visited within reach of the least persevering of sportsmen: and waters have been fished far harder. In fact there is too much fishing: there is certainly too much competitive fishing. We may imagine what sturdy old Stoddart would have thought of it. Not such was the practice of his day. He was a connoisseur of the art of angling: he was a connoisseur too of the spoils, and if anyone should wish momentarily to recapture the feelings of the angler at the end of his day's sport he could not do better than read Stoddart's grave, serious, and enthusiastic conclusions about the way to cook the catch. To the salmon itself as a fish his own words can alone do justice:—

"The elegance of its form, the justness of its proportions, its glittering and gorgeous apparel all entitle it to rank loftily in the scale of beauty: while its size and noble bearing, its strength and velocity, the rocks, torrents and whirlpools among which it glides familiar unite in some degree to elevate its pretensions and give it place withal amid creations of sublimity. That it stands unrivalled among the variety of fishes extending to many hundreds in number which inhabit the flood, there can be little question. The dolphin, famed in poetry, whose glowing surface may be termed the pallet of nature, the mullet, the opah or king-fish, the carp, darie and sturgeon, all yield before it the submissive palm." What an advocate was lost in Thomas Stoddart — but what an angler was gained!

RUGBY FOOTBALL AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

By J. M. B. Scott.
London, Chatto & Windus, 1922 (3/6).

FEW names, if any, are better known in connection with Rugby Football than that of Major Scott, and there is no player whose advice could be of more value. It was quite unnecessary for the Major to have anyone to vouch for him, but some of his friends have had a natural desire to write a few paragraphs in his favour, and it adds a sort of picturesqueness to the title page to find Forewords contributed by representatives of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, in the persons of Messrs. James Baxter, J. Aikman Smith, R. A. Lloyd and J. E. C. Partridge. Everyone will understand, without being told, the spirit in which so sound a sportsman as Major Scott writes. It is set forth in the lines which he quotes from the Sedbergh Football Song:

Pass, pass if you haven't got room!
If the goal be won and the deed be done,
What can it matter by whom?

To play for one's side and not for one's self is the essence of the game. If this book should tempt the curiosity of anybody who knows nothing of Rugby Football, he will surely be amazed to discover what a great deal there is in it. There can scarcely be any game that has developed as this has done, starting as it did from the roughest beginnings, practically without rules. Rough as the scrum and the practice of handing off may still cause it to appear, Rugby is a science. The book which inculcates this comes well at the present time, for the injury done to the game during the period when Europe was in convulsion is by no means yet rectified. Major Scott touches on this in his brief Preface. "During the war," he writes, "our schools, the nurseries of this game, as of all games, suffered severely in two ways: the young games masters were no longer available to coach the boys, and there were no first-class club matches or international matches for young players to watch. For these two reasons it was inevitable that the game would lose in skill." Mr. Baxter emphasises the same point. "The four blank years, 1914-18, have resulted in a marked deterioration by the great majority of players in the finer points of the game." We do not wish to be captious, by the way, but it seems to us indiscreet for an enthusiast to eulogise the game in which he is specially interested as "the greatest of all games." There are many, no doubt, who would agree with Mr. R. A. Lloyd, who so describes Rugby. There are likewise many who would advance the rival claim of Association, whilst it may be that a majority would protest that the National game — "greatest of all games" — is cricket, and ardent golfers would have much to say on behalf of their cherished occupation, to go into the matter no further.

LANDED (*From "The Angler's Companion"*)

There is no detail of Rugby upon which Major Scott has not something to say, and always something to the point. A brief chapter on "Training," much of it specially addressed to boys, tells what to do and what not to do—not for instance to take a ball, kick it ahead and run after it. Chapter II. on "Practising and Individual Practice," is divided into Dribbling or Footwork, Hand Work, and Kicking, this last being again subdivided into "The Punt," "The Drop Kick" and "The Place Kick." The chapter furnishes an example of the author's thoroughness. His name indeed is a sufficient recommendation of his work.

PLACE KICKING AT RUGBY FOOTBALL (*Continued from page* 527)

charge and blows it over the bar. For a wind in the reverse direction, a hard kick, with minimum spin, aimed at the nearest post will usually bring off a goal.

All this may appear to be pure Bolshevism to the modern player. But the writer, and many others, can vouch for the fact that it has been done. He only asks that his method shall be tried, preferably by a new hand whose mind is not prejudiced in favour of the "tail-end" system.

The margin for error is ample; it is easier to make a suitable hole in the ground, and for the placer to see what he is doing; while a miskick of a fraction of an inch is immaterial (either in height or width) as regards the ultimate flight of the ball.

To Captains of Fifteens:

"Let your kicker be a forward, a big man, with a good square toe. And his boots *must* be shod with a curved toe bar at least half an inch deep. This is essential. Place-kicking is done entirely with the toe, and if the toe which meets the ball is a substantial object some 2½ inches square, better results, especially as regards accuracy, can be obtained than if that toe resembles the end of a dancing pump. Your nippy halves and three-quarters may affect the latter type of boot if it suits their game otherwise. But do not let them take place-kicks. Further, by having a forward as your chief kicker, you can let him kick off at the start of the game, or invent an excuse for his taking a long shot at goal, or even into touch, early in the game, if your side is awarded a free-kick. This may look silly to the onlookers, but it may enable your kicker to gauge the strength of the wind or the weight and peculiarities of a ball which he has probably never seen before. This knowledge will enable him to make any allowances necessary when he is asked to kick goals later in the game. For this reason, let all your place-kicks be taken by one man. Have an understudy by all means, also an understudy for the placer. All four should practise together, so that each knows what the other wants. Your chief kicker may strike an off-day and miss a short one straight in front, in which case he will probably only be too anxious to be taken off, in order to recover his form by practice. But if you are winning hand over fist, he is more likely to recover that form quickly if given another soft one as soon as possible. And this more especially if his understudy has missed a reasonably easy one meanwhile. Still, always ask him if he feels like it. His temporary incapacity may be only due to fatigue, or momentary shortness of wind on his part or on that of his placer."

It is scarcely necessary to emphasise the moral effect of a goal kicked from the touch line as the result of a lucky corner try in the first few minutes of a game. But such a kick presents no special difficulties to the practised up-ender, and should be brought off once in three tries under the worst conditions. At present, the Press and players look upon such a kick as a twenty-to-one chance, and under the prevailing conditions of place-kicking they are probably right.

In the style of kicking mentioned, the lace of the ball should be turned *away* from the kicker, as otherwise it will only help to distract his eye. The writer suggests a fair trial of the methods he recommends, knowing from experience that the results cannot possibly be worse than those obtained nowadays; and if they are better, it is all to the good of the game.

THE RACING SEASON

By the Late ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THE FINISH OF THE DERBY

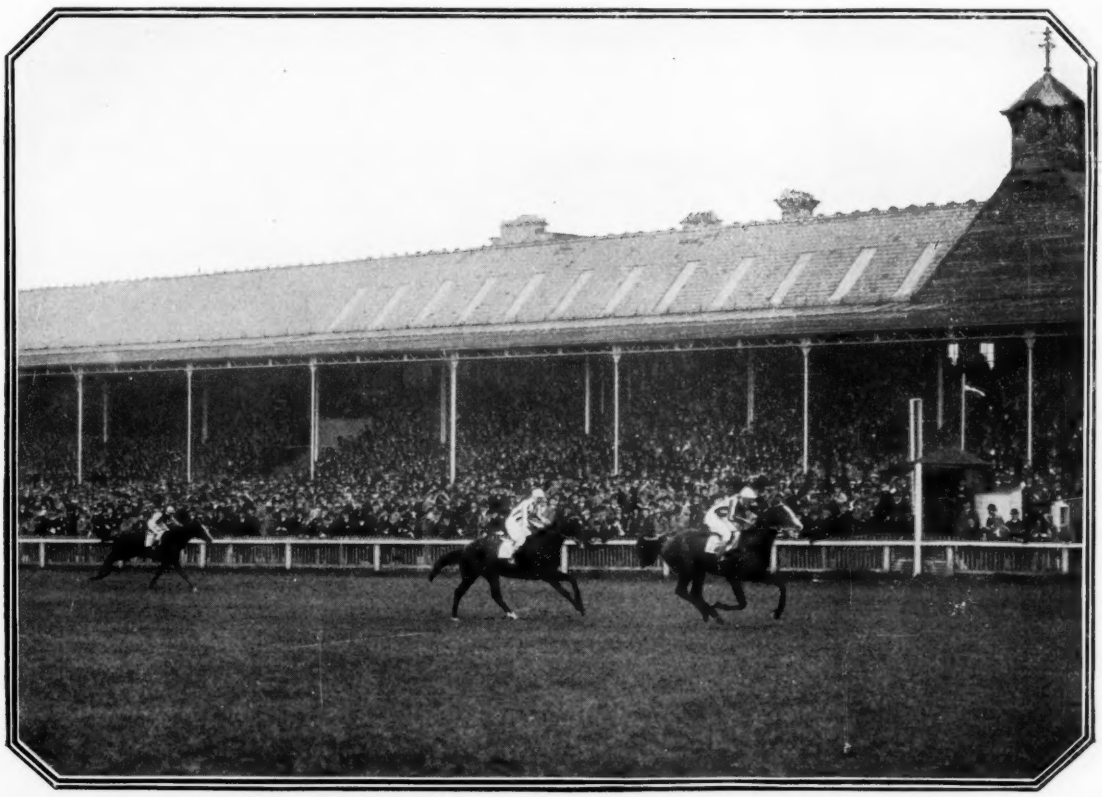
WHEN racing began last March, it was supposed to be not difficult to forecast what was likely to happen, at any rate in many of the approaching events. The best two year old in the previous season had been Golden Corn, and it was held to be most unfortunate that she was not engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby or the St. Leger, as it was thought that she might have added another name to the record of fillies who had beaten the best of the colts. A few cautious persons had indeed suggested that it was desirable to ascertain whether she could stay before talking about classic victories for her; others were persuaded that her extraordinary speed would demoralise her opponents in the first few furlongs. As for the colts, Mr. S. B. Joel had three highly-promising candidates in Sicyon, Pondoland and Polyhistor, all, of course, placed conspicuously in the Free Handicap. Some doubt as to whether Sicyon would last a mile and a half was indeed expressed. Pondoland was judged to be a stayer, and possibilities were recognised in Polyhistor. Then there was Lembach, rated the equal of Sicyon, a pound better than Scamp, Condover or Blandford. Lembach's career had been imposing: he had won the Norfolk Stakes, had been second to Scamp for the New, had won the July, and was thought unlucky to be beaten a head by Fodder in receipt of 12 lbs. at Goodwood, for the Champagne he had run Golden Corn to a length and a half and had wound up the season by winning the Dewhurst. There were nevertheless some racegoers of whom I was one who had an idea that Lembach would not train on into a leading three year old, an impression which proved amply justified. As has so often happened, the classic races were won by colts and fillies whose success nobody could have anticipated unless, indeed, it is admitted that a few who had watched Captain Cuttle finish second to Collaborator for the Rous Two Year Old Plate at Doncaster had been inclined to fancy that he might prove a useful outsider. Still, Collaborator had been allotted no more than 7 st. 13 lbs. in the Free Handicap and had beaten Captain Cuttle a length and a half, which scarcely looked like victory.

Of the older horses, perhaps the chief curiosity was which of the Spring Handicaps would be won by Leighton, and whether, having carried off a first, he would be stopped in another by his penalty. There were very many who were prepared to back him with his extra. Leighton won a single race in twelve attempts; Golden Corn won nothing; in nine essays, Sicyon was beaten on six occasions;

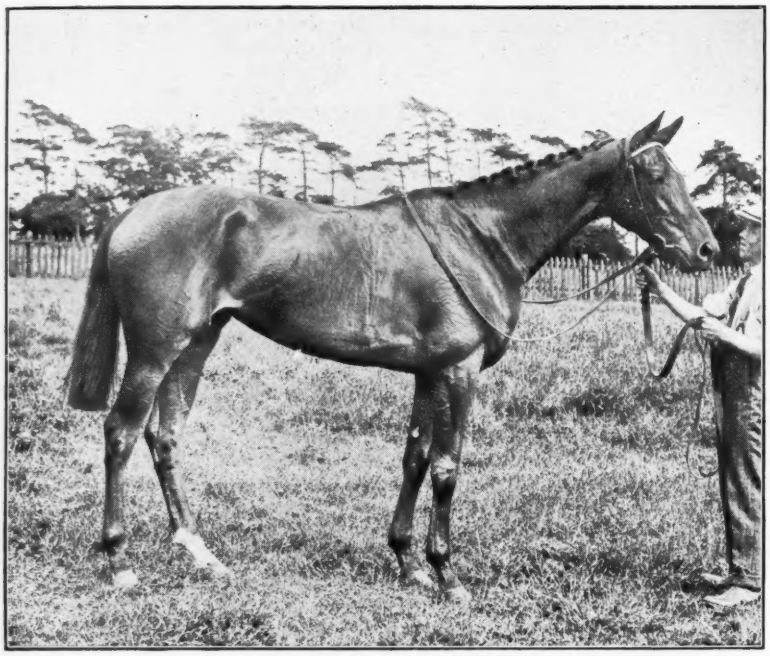
Pondoland has been out five times, once successfully; Polyhistor has failed in all six attempts; Lembach in all his seven, only once was he placed, and then he finished third in a field of five. Blandford has indeed proved himself to be a good colt, and I gather from his owner that there has been nothing wrong with him, though he has only made two appearances. The year's results would check any tendency to confidence in forecasting what is likely to happen to the most promising among those who have distinguished themselves.

One thing which might safely have been anticipated was that in the Spring Handicaps favourites would be badly beaten. The Lincolnshire Handicap comes first of races of any importance. Roman Bachelor and Highlander started equally in demand at Lincoln, and Granely took the race, starting at 20 to 1. Only 2 to 1 was obtainable about Trespasser in the Liverpool Spring Cup, won by Grandcourt. Granely was confidently expected to take the City and Suburban, he was backed at as little as 5 to 2, the race being won by Paragon. Monarch and Leighton stood at 4 to 1 for the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park, won by The Yellow Dwarf. Happy Man, favourite for the Chester Cup, was nowhere behind Chivalrous, a 50 to 1 outsider; but for a wonder a favourite did win at Kempton Park, Silver Image securing the Jubilee. Not dissimilar results occur annually, but nevertheless a great many people back a horse because it is favourite.

By the time the Two Thousand Guineas was reached, that having been on the 26th of April, Captain Cuttle was supposed to be the best of the field. He had been out at the Craven Meeting, when odds had been laid on him for the West Ditton Stakes, which he had found no difficulty in winning. For the Two Thousand he was backed down to 4 to 1, three standing at 5 to 1, Pondoland, St. Louis and Westmead. The last-named was at a short price notwithstanding that he was considered to be lacking in class. St. Louis came late in the market, in fact it surprised me not a little after leaving the rails and taking my place to watch the race to find that Lord Queenborough's colt had been so nearly favourite. There was the best reason, however, for selecting him, as he won without difficulty by three lengths from Pondoland, Captain Cuttle four lengths behind the second. Golden Corn started for the One Thousand at as little as 7 to 4, but what many had suspected became evident—she could not stay the mile and finished third to Silver Urn and Soubriquet, both of whom had been out and had won at Sandown shortly before. A colt who was creating no little stir was Tamar, who had been brought to Newmarket to win the Craven Stakes, it being supposed that the classics were likely to follow. Tamar, however, fell short, being beaten in a canter by five lengths by Collaborator, the winner giving 15 lbs. Tamar ran without distinction in the Two Thousand Guineas, finishing eighth. Nevertheless, his Derby prospects were considered to be by no means hopeless. St. Louis, however, was the general choice, it having so often happened that the winner of the Two Thousand had gone on to win the Derby. By this time it had been ascertained that Sicyon —as indeed had been suspected—would not get the Derby course, and Pondoland carried Mr. Joel's green and pink stripes, backed at 11 to 2, St. Louis at 4 to 1, Captain Cuttle and Tamar at 10 to 1. About Captain Cuttle different opinions prevailed; a friend connected with the stable who had seen



ST. LOUIS WINNING THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS



LORD ASTOR'S "POGROM"

the colt tried discouraged me strongly when I stated an intention to back him, and he raised prejudice by the manner in which he cantered, it afterwards being explained that one of his plates had twisted, a serious accident being narrowly escaped. As for St. Louis, it was realised that the ground was too hard for him. Lord Queenborough expressed no approach to confidence and his judgment proved correct. St. Louis was beaten a long way from home, Captain Cuttle winning easily by four lengths from Tamar, three lengths behind whom came Craigangower, quite a nice colt belonging to Mr. Barclay Walker, St. Louis struggling on into fourth place. As for Captain Cuttle, it may here be said that he went to Ascot and with odds of 4 to 1 on him readily won the St. James's Palace Stakes from Harpenden and Polyhistor. He was to have run at Goodwood and, indeed, appeared in the paddock, but he never went to the post, and since Ascot he has not been seen.

Reports that Pogrom was better than Tamar insured the favouritism of Lord Astor's filly for the Oaks. Nevertheless, Soubriquet found many supporters at as little as 7 to 2, Pogrom's price being 5 to 4. There were observers who maintained that Soubriquet was unlucky to be beaten, but having watched the race carefully, I am inclined to think the better filly won.

Ascot was notable for the victories of Sir George Bullough, who had expended large sums in bloodstock with very small return. His Golden Myth, however, carried off the Gold Vase on the opening day and repeated his victory in the Cup forty-eight hours afterwards. I shall touch upon the two year old racing presently. As regards the performances of the older horses, it was much about according to custom that the winner of the Hunt Cup, Varzy, should have started at 20 to 1, beating Crubenmore, the favourite, by a short head. That is the sort of thing which experience suggests is likely to occur. Pogrom confirmed the good impression she had made at Epsom by taking the Coronation Stakes, and an incident of the week was the unfortunate defeat of Craigangower in the Ribblesdale Stakes, the colt having been baulked at a critical moment and in consequence beaten by Dry Toast. A horse who made his mark was Double Hackle. This colt's improvement was remarkable. He started the season low down in the handicap, and indeed had only 7 st. 3 lbs. when he won the Ascot Stakes, but a penalty which raised his weight to 8 st. 4 lbs. did not stop him in the Northumberland Plate, and he went on to win the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester with 8 st. 8 lbs., failing only by a head with 9 st. 4 lbs. to win the Doncaster Cup, which, indeed, he would have won had there been anything to bring the field along. In the St. Leger the apparently impossible happened. Last year, it will be remembered, the winner, Polemarch, started at 50 to 1; this year Royal Lancer may also be said to have been backed at the same price,

LORD LONSDALE'S "ROYAL LANCER"

SIR ERNEST PAGET'S "RE-ECHO"

for when a horse is returned at 33 to 1 it may be surmised that some venturesome speculators have got still longer odds. It was admittedly a very poor field for this Leger, with the French colt Ramus favourite at 13 to 2, the moderate Fred Power at 8 to 1, the undistinguished Villars at 10 to 1. None of these, as the phrase runs, had anything to do with the finish, Royal Lancer winning easily by two lengths from Silurian, Ceylonese as far away behind the second, another French colt, Gaurisanker, fourth. Surprising as had been the result of the Leger, the result of the Cesarewitch was more surprising still; nothing could have been easier than to show why Light Dragoon could have no possible chance. His price was 100 to 1, and he got home from Villager, against whom 40 to 1 was offered. The quaint thing about this Cesarewitch was that Tishy, who had been a standing joke for precisely twelve months by reason of her tardy appearance a furlong behind the winner when the race was over, precisely repeated her performance. The Cambridgeshire added one more to the list of winning outsiders, the race being taken by Re-echo, starting at 25 to 1. The odds would have been shorter but for the idea entertained incidentally by the colt's owner that anything over a mile would probably be beyond his power. Perhaps no result has been more surprising during the season, marked by many odd incidents as it has been, than the defeat of the Leger winner, Royal Lancer, in the Jockey Club Cup by Bucks Hussar, who had been tailed off at Doncaster and, indeed, soundly beaten eight times consecutively before a trivial success against a solitary opponent at Gatwick. At the time of writing it cannot be said with certainty which is the best two-year-old of the season. A very few weeks ago Town Guard would have been named without hesitation. Lord Woolavington's son of Hurry On and William's Pride was placed by Mr. T. F. Dawkins, the Official Handicapper, first with 9 st. 8 lbs., that is to say 4 lbs. above Drake and 8 lbs. above Legality. I have the sincerest respect for Mr. Dawkins' handicapping, and it may be incidentally observed that it is he who makes this Handicap, and not, as seems to be supposed by many people, the Keeper of the Match Book, but for once running has contradicted his conclusions. It cannot be said that Town Guard did not deserve his prominence. When he first ran at Newmarket in the spring, it was evident that no idea of his winning was entertained. His name does not appear in the market, and the significance of this is well understood; then, however, he won the New Stakes at Ascot by a length from Legality, Papyrus third, three lengths behind; the Exeter Stakes, one of the first six furlong races of the season, from Bombay Duck, one of a number of victorious two-year-olds purchased by Mr. George Lambton for the Aga Khan; the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown, restored to its former value and so worth well over £4,000; the Molecambe

"LIGHT DRAGOON"

LORD QUEENBOROUGH'S "ST. LOUIS"
G. ARCHIBALD UP

reputation after having won four of the five races for which he started by defeat in the Champion Stakes at Doncaster, for which he was favourite at as little as 5 to 4. I believe it is the case that he was found to have a temperature, which accounts for the defeat of Lord Astor's good colt, Bold and Bad, with odds of 5 to 1 on him in the Buckenham Stakes. Papyrus, however, has amply redeemed his character. He had done so by the style in which he won the Prendergast Stakes before defeating Town Guard. Legality and Cos, the latter one of the Aga Khan's fillies, are weighted at 9 st., and it cannot be said that they do not deserve the treatment they have received. Legality seems to have a will of his own, and when this is said of a horse it means a will of an unpleasant character. Legality, a grey son of Charles O'Malley and Kepler's Law, came out in the Spring Stakes at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, to be beaten a length by Scyphius. As already mentioned, Town Guard beat him a length for the New Stakes, when, however, the grey, on whom odds of 11 to 10 were laid, 8 to 1 against Town Guard, lost ground at the start considerably more than the length by which he was beaten. He distinguished himself by the style in which he won the July Stakes from Moabite, and still more by defeating another colt of Lord Derby's, Pharos, for the Chesterfield Stakes; Legality won this by half a length. Since then he has missed his engagements. Cos, a daughter of Flying Orb and Renaissance, has only suffered a single defeat in seven attempts, and was then practically left at the post. She came out for the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot, winning from Silver Glass, Shri and a dozen others. She won the Stud Produce Stakes at the Newmarket First July, and then came her failure

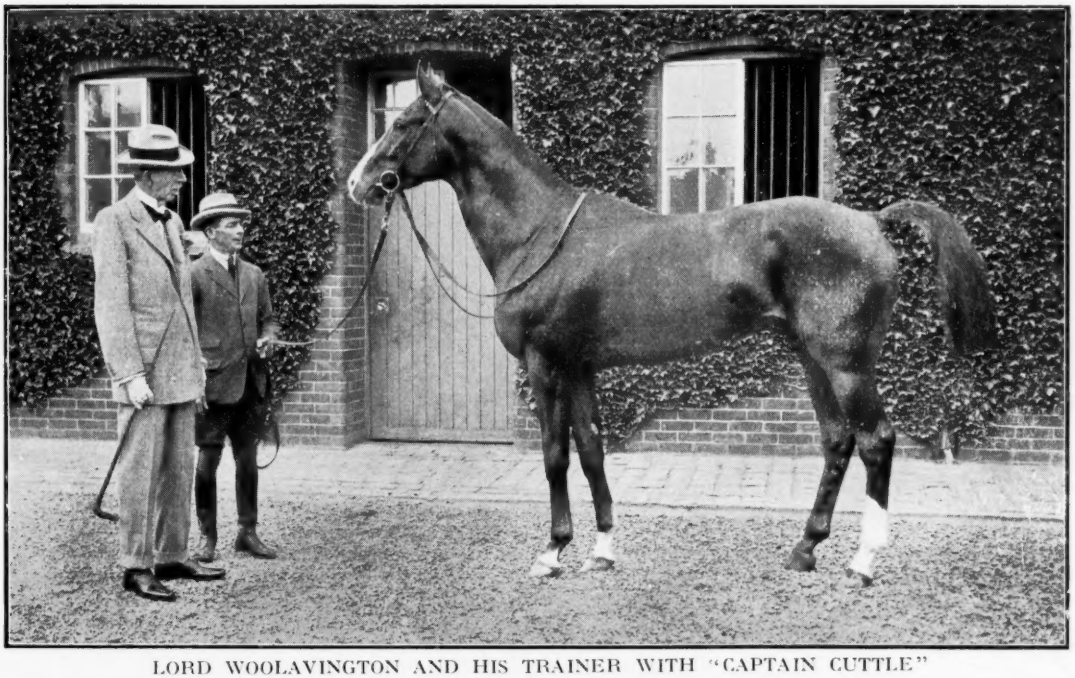
Stakes at Goodwood; the Convivial Produce Stakes at York, together with the Gimcrack Stakes next day, and for the Criterion Stakes at the Houghton Meeting 4 to 1 was laid on the colt, the race appearing a foregone conclusion, for of his four opponents only Papyrus seemed to count, and in the Two-Year-Old Handicap Town Guard had been set to give him 12 lbs. Great was the general amazement, therefore, when Papyrus beat him easily by two lengths. It is true that Town Guard did not look his best—apparently he had been eased in his work—but he met Papyrus at even weights, and it may be that the latter is making exceptional improvement. Town Guard is still accepted as the best by most people, but if he were anything like fit when he started for the Criterion—and his owner, by no means a regular visitor to meetings, would not have gone to see his colt run if he had felt any doubt as to the result—he cannot be so good as has been imagined. Papyrus injured his

MR. B. W. PARR'S "SILVER URN"

in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown, 6 to 4 on Cos, 100 to 30 against Town Guard. The colt got away with something like a flying start, the filly dwelt, to put it mildly, and was, as a matter of course, easily beaten. Since then Cos has won the Notting hamshire Breeders' Foal Stakes, the Hardwicke Plate at Stockton, the Little Breeders' Stakes at Watwick, and the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park. Mention has already been made of Pharos, who, I am afraid, is not quite as good as was imagined before the Chesterfield Stakes. He had won three races before his defeat by Legality, and resumed his successes in the Mersey Stakes at Liverpool. The Lambton Stakes at Stockton gave him little trouble, and there is the excuse for his failure at York that he did not get off, but in the mile Houghton Stakes he was fairly beaten three lengths by the Duke of Westminster's Twelve Pointer, a son of Royal Realm and Fin Glen, who ought not to have been beaten at all. This colt created a highly favourable impression by the style in which he won at Sandown. He then came out for a seven furlong race at Doncaster, and being beaten it was hastily concluded that he did not stay; the real explanation is temperature again, for that staying is his strong point the Houghton Stakes sufficiently proves.

MR. JAMES WHITE'S "GRANELY"
VICTOR SMYTH UP

In the Free Handicap, Pharos was set to give him 10 lbs., a calculation which has to be largely amended. Duncan Gray, with 8 st. 10 lbs., and Papyrus, with 8 st. 9 lbs., are stable companions. I may very likely be wrong, but my preference is for the latter, notwithstanding that Duncan Gray has never known defeat, though the son of Pommern and Sybil Gray has only been out twice. After Cos, the best filly of the season is thought to be Lord Coventry's Verdict, a daughter of Shogun and Finale. Lord Coventry has had few flat racehorses for many years past, and Verdict was destined for sport under National Hunt Rules. She was, however, a great fine filly, her owner thought he would see if anything could be made of her and the result is her appearance on the same mark as Papyrus in the Free Handicap. Verdict



LORD WOOLAVINGTON AND HIS TRAINER WITH "CAPTAIN CUTTLE"

ran twice in the spring, and then having sore shins was for a time put by. She was ready again for the First October Meeting, William Waugh expressed the opinion that she was as good as ever she had been, and she dead-heated for the First October with Compiler, to whom she was giving 7 lbs. At Nottingham, carrying a 12 lb. penalty, she won the Sherwood Forest Nursery, giving 3 st. less 3 lbs. to Roger de Busli. This colt proceeded a few days later to win the Alington Stakes from a respectable field and then finished third for the Dewhurst, beaten a short head and half a length. It can hardly be that Verdict is 3 st. better than this; she is, however, evidently a good mare, and everyone will rejoice to see her win races in the brown, blue cap. What has been said will give an idea of the position of the leading two-year-olds; the subject is too large to be dealt with, and other opportunities will arise for touching upon them.

H.H. AGAR KHAN'S "COS"

LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S "TOWN GUARD"

Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour

By R. S. SURTEES

[Robert Smith Surtees, who wrote "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" nearly seventy years ago, was a writer on sport who left no successor. He was the Charles Dickens of the hunting field, and Mr. Jorrocks, the sporting grocer, was a figure almost as popular in the fiction of Mid-Victorian days as Sam Weller or the great Mr. Pickwick. Time has left little mark on his work. "Jorrocks," Mr. Facey Romford and Mr. "Soapey" Sponge still amble or gallop before us with their vitality unimpaired, and the description which made them humorous is still fresh and racy. To many of the older readers of The Badminton *the characters of Surtees are familiar friends, whom, as we believe, they will meet again with pleasure. To very many others Mr. Soapey Sponge will come, we hope no less, as the most entertaining acquaintance. It is in this hope and belief that we have ventured on the enterprise of reprinting one of Surtees' most famous stories; and have entrusted its illustration to a new artist, Mr. A. R. Thomson, whose unique talent and knowledge of the 'thirties and 'forties will be at once recognised. We may perhaps mention as a link between the past and the present that one of our most valued contributors, Mr. Charles Richardson, was a cousin of Surtees. These chapters follow the Edition published by Messrs. Methuen.—*Ed.].

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEET—THE FIND, AND THE FINISH.

EARLY to bed and early to rise being among Mr. Sponge's maxims, he was enjoying the view of the pantiles at the back of his hotel shortly after daylight the next morning, a time about as difficult to fix in a November day as the age of a lady of a "certain age." It takes even an expeditious dresser ten minutes or a quarter of an hour extra the first time he has to deal with boots and breeches; and Mr. Sponge being quite a pattern card in his peculiar line, of course took a good deal more to get himself "up."

An accustomed eye could see a more than ordinary stir in the streets that morning. Riding-masters and their assistants might be seen going along with strings of saddled and side-saddled screws; flys began to roll at an earlier hour, and natty tigers to kick about in buckskins prior to departing with hunters, good, bad and indifferent.

Each man had told his partner at Miss Jumpheavy's ball at the capital trick they were going to play the stranger; and a desire to see the stranger, far more than a desire to see the trick, caused many fair ones to forsake their downy couches who had much better have kept them.

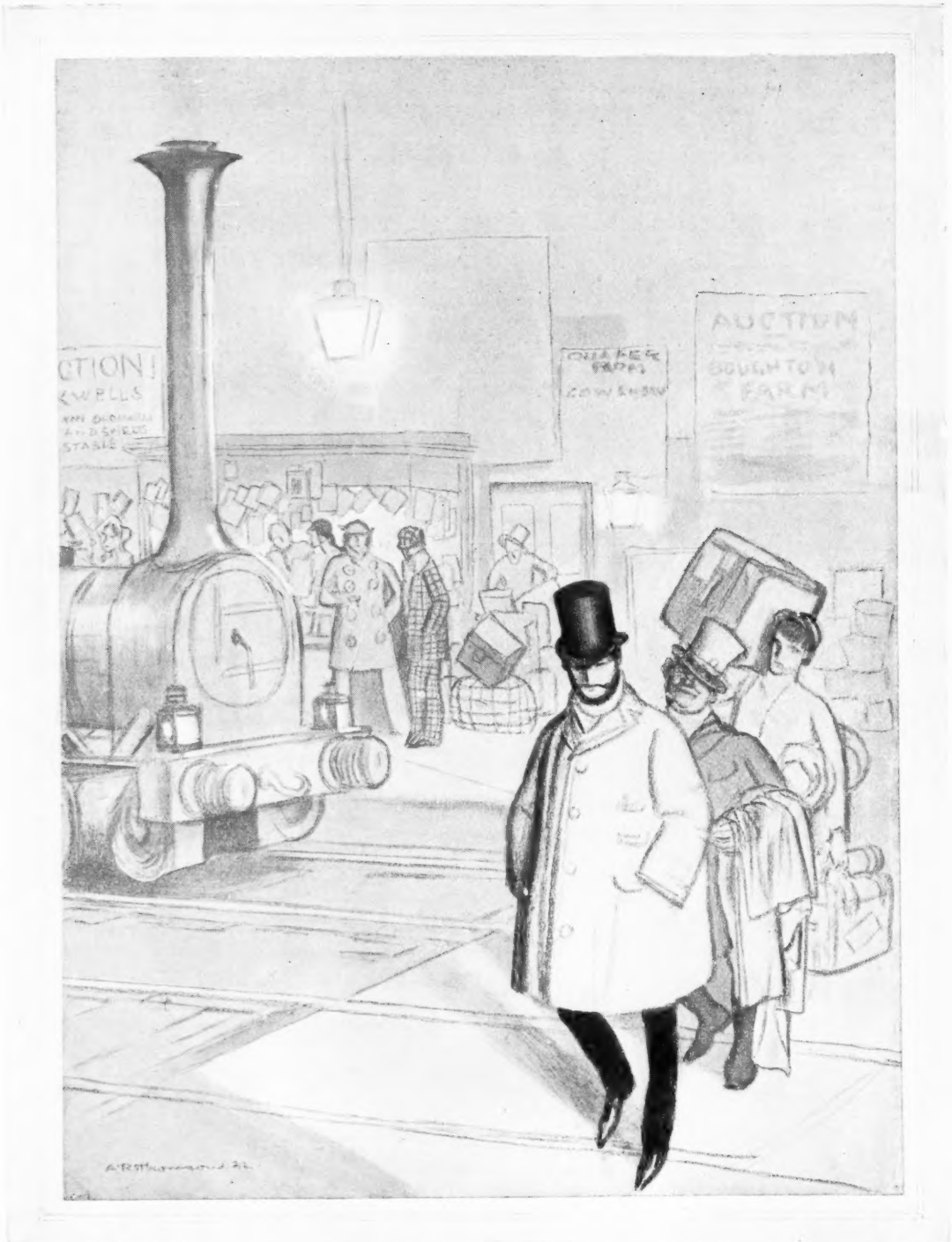
The world is generally very complaisant with regard to strangers, so long as they *are* strangers, generally making them out to be a good deal better than they really are, and Mr. Sponge came in for his full share of stranger credit. They not only brought all the twenty horses Leather said he had scattered about to Laverick Wells, but made him out to have a house in Eaton Square, a yacht at Cowes, and a first-rate moor in Scotland, and some said a peerage in expectancy. No wonder that he "drew," as theatrical people say.

Let us now suppose him breakfasted, and ready for a start.

He was "got up" with uncommon care in the most complete style of the severe order of sporting costume. It being now the commencement of the legitimate hunting season—the first week in November—he availed himself of the privileged period for turning out in everything new. Rejecting the now generally worn cap, he adhered to the heavy, close-napped hat, described in our opening chapter, whose connection with his head, or back, if it came off, was secured by a small black silk cord, hooked through the band by a fox's tooth, and anchored to a button inside the haven of his low coat-collar. His neck was enveloped in the ample folds of a large white silk cravat, tied in a pointing diamond tie, and secured with a large silver horse-shoe pin, the shoe being almost large enough for the foot of a young donkey.

His low, narrow-collared coat was of the infinitesimal order; that is to say, a coat, and yet as little of a coat as possible—very near a jacket, in fact. The seams, of course, were outside, and were it not for the extreme strength and evenness of the sewing and the evident intention of the thing, an ignorant person might have supposed that he had had his coat turned. A double layer of cloth extended the full length of the outside of the sleeves, much in the fashion of the stage-coachmen's great-coats in former times; and instead of cuffs, the sleeves were carried out to the ends of the fingers, leaving it to the fancy of the wearer to sport a long cuff or a short cuff, or no cuff at all—just as the weather dictated. Though the coat was single-breasted, he had a hole made on the button side, to enable him to keep it together by means of a miniature snaffle, instead of a button. The snaffle passed across his chest, from whence the coatee, flowing easily back, displayed the broad ridge and furrow of a white cord waistcoat, with a low step collar, the vest reaching low down his figure, with large flap pockets and a nick out in front, like a coachman's. Instead of buttons, the waistcoat was secured with foxes' tusks and catgut loops, while a heavy curb chain, passing from one pocket to the other, raised the impression that there was a watch in one and a bunch of seals in the other. The waistcoat was broadly bound with white binding, and, like the coat, evinced great strength and powers of resistance. His breeches were of a still broader furrow than the waistcoat, looking as if the ploughman had laid two ridges into one. They came low down the leg, and were met by a pair of well-made, well put on, very brown topped boots, a colour then unknown at Laverick Wells. His spurs were bright and heavy, with formidable necks and rowels, whose slightest touch would make a horse wince, and put him on his good behaviour.

Nor did the great slapping brown horse, Hercules, turn out less imposingly than his master. Leather,



THE ARRIVAL AT LAVERICK WELLS

though not the man to work himself, had a very good idea of work and right manfully he made the helpers at the Eclipse livery and bait stables strap and groom his horses. Hercules was a fine animal. It did not require a man to be a great judge of a horse to see that. Even the ladies, though perhaps they would rather have had him a white or a cream colour, could not but admire his nut-brown muzzle, his glossy coat, his silky mane, and the elegant way in which he carried his flowing tail. His step was delightful to look at—so free, so accurate, and so easy. And that reminds us that we may as well be getting Mr. Sponge up—a feat of no easy accomplishment. Few hack hunters are without their little

peculiarities. Some are runaways—some kick—some bite—some go tail first on the road—some go tail first at their fences—some rush as if they were going to eat them, others baulk them altogether—and few, very few, give satisfaction. Those that do, generally retire from the public stud to the private one. But to our particular quadruped, "Hercules."

Mr. Sponge was not without his misgivings that, regardless of being on his preferment, the horse might exhibit more of his peculiarity than would forward his master's interests, and, independently of the disagreeableness of being kicked off at the cover side, not being always compensated for by falling soft, Mr. Sponge thought, as the meet was not far off, and he did not sport a cover hack, it would look quite as well to ride his horse quietly on as go in a fly, provided always he could accomplish the mount—the mount—like the man walking with his head under his arm—being the first step to everything.

Accordingly, Mr. Leather had the horse saddled and accoutred as quietly as possible—his warm clothing put over the saddle immediately, and everything kept as much in the usual course as possible, so that the noble animal's temper might not be ruffled by unaccustomed trouble or unusual objects. Leather having seen that the horse could not eject Mr. Sponge even in trousers, had little fear of his dislodging him in boots and breeches; still it was desirable to avoid all unseemly contention, and maintain the high character of the stud, by which means Leather felt that his own character and consequence would best be maintained. Accordingly, he refrained from calling in the aid of any of the stable assistants, preferring for once to do a little work himself, especially when the rider was up to the trick, and not "a gent" to be cajoled into "trying a horse." Mr. Sponge, punctual to his time, appeared at the stable, and after much patting, whistling, so—so—ing, my man, and general ingratiation, the redoubtable nag was led out of the stable into a well-littered straw-yard, where, though he might be gored by a bull if he fell, the "eyes of England" at all events would not witness the floorer. Horses, however, have wonderful memories and discrimination. Though so differently attired to what he was on the occasion of his trial, the horse seemed to recognise Mr. Sponge, and independently of a few snorts as he was led out, and an indignant stamp or two of his foot as it was let down, after Mr. Sponge was mounted he took things very quietly.

"Now," said Leather, in an undertone, patting the horse's arched neck, "I'll give you a hint; they're a goin' to run a drag to try what he's made on, so be on the look-out."

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Sponge, in surprise, drawing his reins as he spoke.

"*I know*," replied Mr. Leather with a wink.

Just then the horse began to plunge, and paw, and give symptoms of uneasiness, and not wishing to fret or exhibit his weak points, Mr. Sponge gave him his head, and passing through the side gate was presently in the street. He didn't exactly understand it, but having full confidence in his horsemanship, and believing the one he was on required nothing but riding, he was not afraid to take his chance.

Not being the man to put his candle under a bushel, Mr. Sponge took the principal streets on his way out of town. We are not sure that he did not go rather out of his way to get them in, but that is neither here nor there, seeing he was a stranger who didn't know the way. What a sensation his appearance created as the gallant brown stepped proudly and freely up Coronation Street, showing his smart, clean, well-put-on head up and down on the unrestrained freedom of the snaffle.

One man in scarlet sets all the rest on the fidget, and without troubling to lay "that or that" together, they desert their breakfasts, hurry to the stables, get out their horses, and rattle away, lest their watches should be wrong, or some arrangement made that they are ignorant of. The hounds, too, were on, as was seen, as well by their footmarks, as by the bob, bob, bobbing of sundry black caps above the hedges, on the Borrowdon Road, as the huntsman and whips proceeded at that pleasant post-boy trot that has roused the wrath of so many riders against horses that they could not get to keep in time.

Now look at old Tom, cocked jauntily on the spicey bay, and see what a different Tom he is to what he was last night. Instead of a battered, limping, shabby-looking little old man, he is all alive, and rises to the action of his horse as though they were all one. A fringe of grey hair protrudes beneath his smart velvet cap, which sets off a weather-beaten but keen and expressive face, lit up with little piercing black eyes. See how chirpy and cheery he is; how his right arm keeps rising and falling with his whip, beating responsive to the horse's action with the butt-end against his thigh. His new scarlet coat imparts a healthy hue to his face, and good boots and breeches hide the imperfections of his bad legs. His hounds seem to partake of the old man's gaiety, and gather round his horse, or frolic forward on the grassy sidings of the road, till, getting almost out of earshot, a single "yooi doit!—Arrogant!"—or "here again, Brusher!" brings them cheerfully back to whine and look in the old man's face for applause. Nor is he chary of his praise. "G—oood betch!—Arrogant!—g—oood betch!" says he, leaning over his horse's shoulder towards her, and jerking his hand to induce her to proceed forward again. So the old man trots gaily on, now making of his horse, now coaxing a hound, now talking to a "whip," now touching or taking off his cap as he passes a sportsman, according to the estimation in which he holds him.

As the hounds reach Whirleypool Windmill, there is a grand rush of pedestrians to meet them. First comes a velveteen-jacketed, leather-legginged keeper, with whom Tom (albeit suspicious of his honesty) thinks it prudent to shake hands; the miller and he, too, greet; and forthwith a black bottle with a single glass make their appearance and pass current with the company. Then the earth-stopper draws nigh, and, resting a hand on Tom's horse's shoulder, whispers confidentially in his ear. The pedestrian sportsman of the country, too, has something to say; also a horse-breaker; while groups of awe-stricken children stand staring at the mighty Tom, thinking him the greatest man in the world.

Railways and fox-hunting make most people punctual, and in less than five minutes from the halting of the hounds by the Windmill, the various roads leading up to it emit dark-coated grooms, who, dismounting, proceed to brush off the mud sparks, and rectify any little derangements the horses or their accoutrements may have contracted on the journey. Presently Mr. Sponge, and such other gentlemen as have ridden their own horses on, cast up, while from the eminence the road to Laverick Wells is distinctly traceable with scarlet coats and flys, with furs and flaunting feathers. Presently the foremost riders begin to canter up the hill, when

> All around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
> And in each smiling countenance appears
> Fresh blooming health and universal joy.

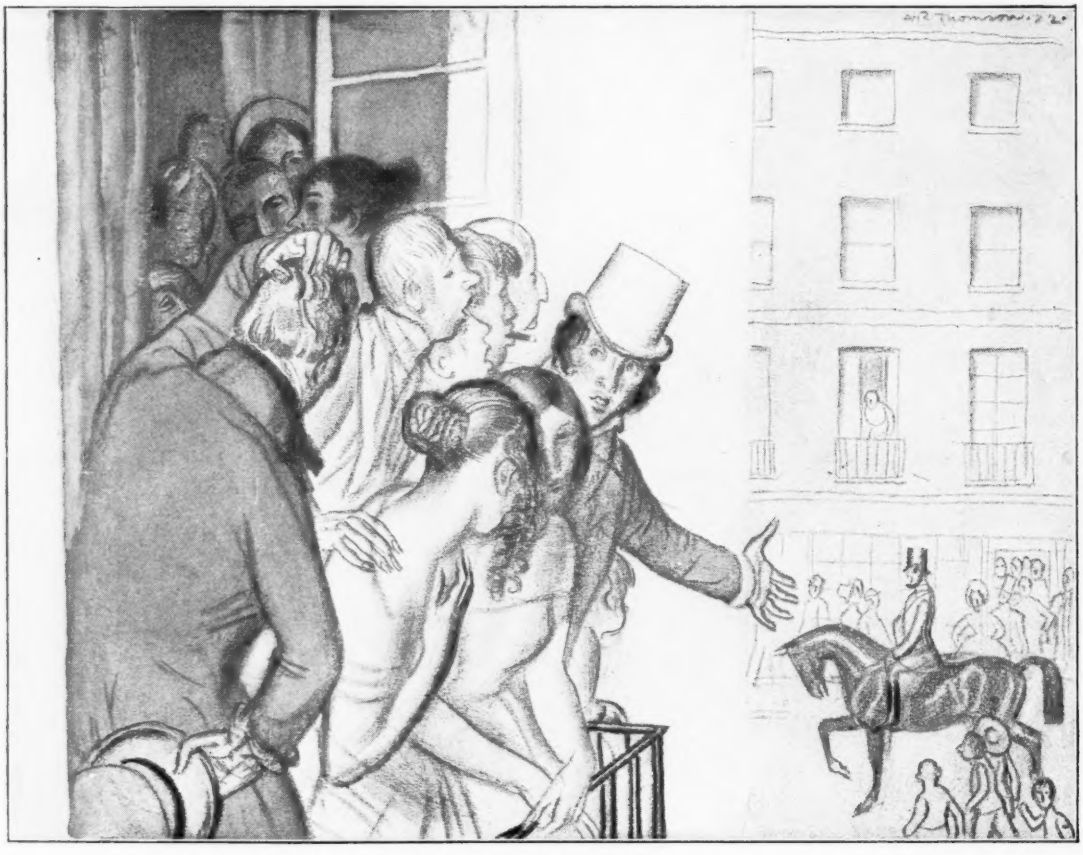
Then the ladies mingle with the scene, some on horseback, some in flys, all chatter and prattle as usual, some saying smart things, some trying, all making themselves as agreeable as possible, and of course as captivating.

The hounds, which they had all come to see, were never looked at.

Mr. Waffles, like many men with nothing to do, was most unpunctual. He never seemed to know what o'clock it was, and yet he had a watch, hung in chains, and gewgaws, like a lady's chatelaine. Hunting partook of the general confusion. He did not profess to throw off till eleven, but it was often nearly twelve before he cast up. Then he would come up full tilt, surrounded by "scarlets," like a general with his staff; and once at the meet, there was a prodigious hurry to begin, equalled only by the eagerness to leave off. On this auspicious day he hove in sight, coming best pace along the road, about twenty minutes before twelve, with a more numerous retinue than usual. In dress, Mr. Waffles was the light, butterfly order of sportsman—once-round tie, French polish, paper boots, and so on. On this occasion he sported a shirt-collar with three or four blue lines, and then a white space followed by three or more blue lines, the whole terminating in blue spots about the size of fourpenny pieces at the points; a once-round blue silk tie, with white spots and flying ends. His coat was a light, jackety sort of thing, with little pockets behind, something in the style of Mr. Sponge's (a docked dressing-gown), but wanting the outside seaming, back strapping, and general strength, that characterised Mr. Sponge's. His waistcoat, of course, was a worked one—heart's-ease mingled with foxes' heads, on a true blue ground, the gift of—we'll not say who—his leathers were of the finest doe-skin, and his long-topped, pointed-toed boots so thin as to put all idea of wet or mud out of the question.

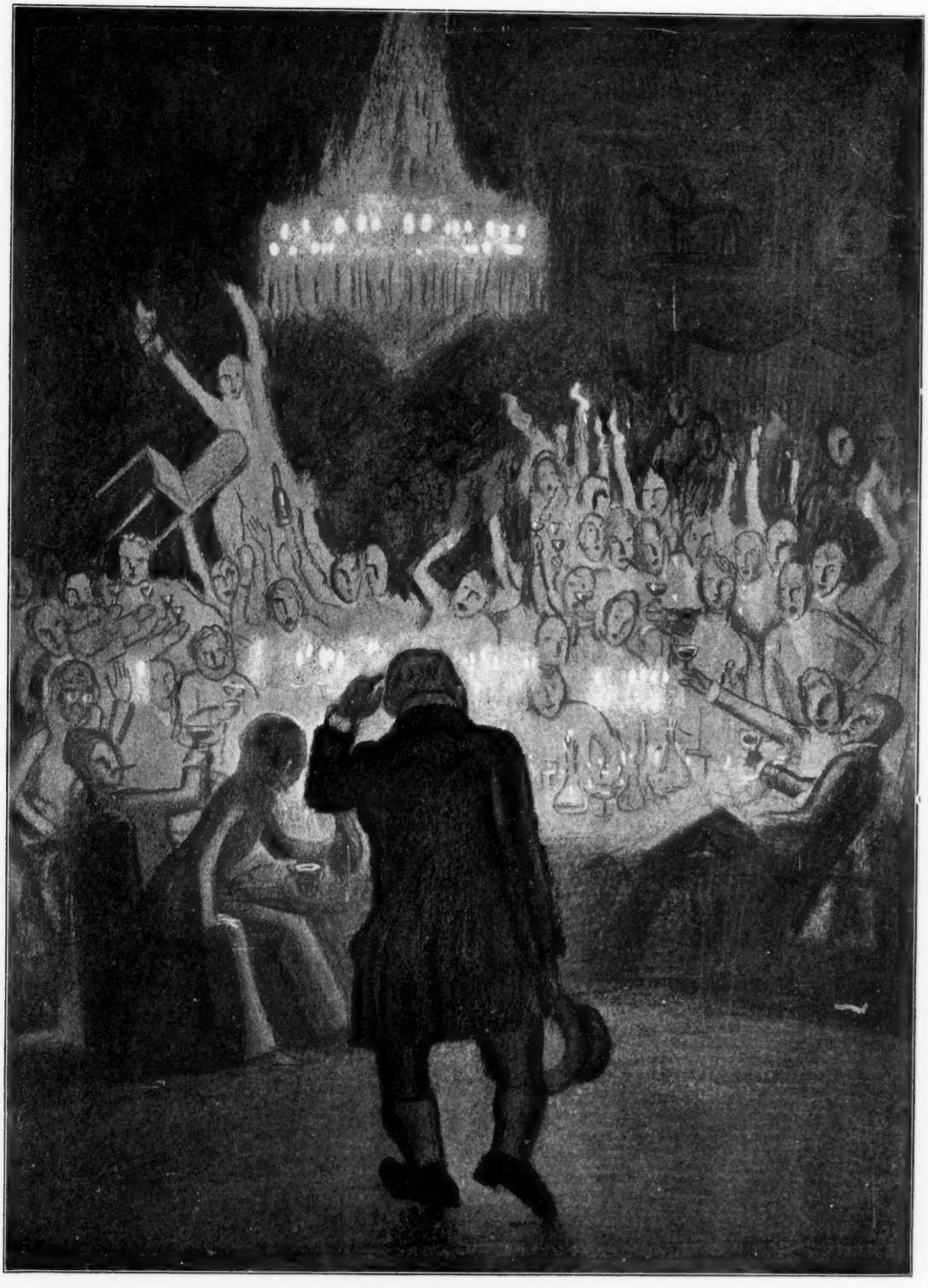
Such was the youth who now cantered up and took off his cap to the rank, beauty and fashion assembled at Whirleypool Windmill. He then proceeded to pay his respects in detail. At length, having exhausted his "nothings," and said the same thing over again in a dozen different ways to a dozen different ladies, he gave a slight jerk of the head to Tom Towler, who, forthwith whistled his hounds together, and, attended by the whips, bustled from the scene.

Epping Hunt in its most palmy days could not equal the exhibition that now took place. Some of the more lively of the horses, tired of waiting, perhaps pinched by the cold, for most of them were newly clipped, evinced their approbation of the move by sundry squeals and capers, which being caught by others in the neighbourhood, the infection quickly spread, and in less than a minute there was such a scene of rocking, and rearing, and kicking, and prancing, and neighing, and shooting over heads, and rolling over tails, and hanging on by manes, mingled with such screamings from the ladies in the flys, and such hearty-sounding kicks against splash boards and fly bottoms, from sundry of the vicious ones in harness, as never was witnessed. One gentleman in a bran new scarlet was mounted



MR. SPONGE'S TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS

What a sensation he created in Coronation Street!



OLD TOM TOWLER

A battered, little shabby-looking old man

on a flourishing pie-bald, late the property of Mr. Batty, which stood pawing and fighting the air, as if in the saw-dust circle, his unfortunate rider clinging round his neck, expecting to have the beast back over upon him. Another little wiry chestnut, with abundance of rings, racing martingale, and tackle generally, just turned tail on the crowd and ran off home as hard as ever he could lay legs to the ground; while a good steady bay cob, with a barrel like a butt, and a tail like a hearth-brush, having selected the muddiest, dirtiest place he could find, deliberately proceeded to lie down, to the horror of his rider, Captain Greatgun, of the Royal Navy, who, feeling himself suddenly touch mother earth, thought he was going to be swallowed up alive, and was only awoke from the delusion by the shouts of the foot people, telling him to get clear of his horse before he began to roll.

Hercules would fain have joined the truant set, and at the first commotion up went his great back, and down went his ears, with a single lash out behind that meant mischief, but Mr. Sponge was on the alert, and just gave him such a dig with his spurs as restored order, without exposing anything that anybody could take notice of.

The sudden storm was quickly lulled. The spilt ones scrambled up; the loose riders got tighter hold of their horses; the screaming fair ones sank languidly in their carriages; and the late troubled ocean of equestrians fell into irregular line *en route* for the cover.

Bump, bump, bump; trot, trot, trot; jolt, jolt, jolt; shake, shake, shake: and carriages and cavalry got to Ribstone Wood somehow or other. It is a long cover on a hillside, from which parties, placing themselves in the green valley below, can see hounds "draw," that is to say, run through with their noses to the ground, if there are any men foolish enough to believe that ladies care for seeing such things. However, there they were.

"Eu leu, in!" cries old Tom, with a wave of his arm, finding he can no longer restrain the ardour of the pack as they approach, and thinking to save his credit by appearing to direct. "Eu leu, in!" repeats he, with a heartier cheer, as the pack charge the rotten fence with a crash that echoes through the wood. The whips scuttle off to their respective points, gentlemen feel their horses' girths, hats are thrust firmly on the head, and the sherry and brandy flasks begin to be drained.

"Tally ho!" cries a countryman at the top of the wood, hoisting his hat on a stick. At the magic sound, fear comes over some, joy over others, intense anxiety over all. What commotion! What indecision! What confusion! "Which way?—Which way?" is the cry.

"Twang, twang, twang," goes old Tom's horn at the top of the wood, whither he seems to have flown, so quick has he got there.

A dark-coated gentleman on a good family horse solves the important question—"Which way?"—by diving at once into the wood, crashing along till he comes to a cross road that leads to the top, when the scene, opening to "open fresh fields and pastures new," discloses divers other sections struggling up in long-drawn files, following other leaders, all puffing, and wheezing and holding on by the manes, many feeling as if they had had enough already—"Quick!" is the word, for the tail-hounds are flying the fence out of the first field over the body of the pack, which are running almost mute at best pace beyond, looking a good deal smaller than is agreeable to the eyes of a sportsman.

"F—o—o—r—rard!" screamed old Tom, flying the fence after them, followed by jealous jostling riders in scarlet and colours, some anxious, some easy, some wanting to be at it, some wanting to look as if they did, some wishing to know if there was anything on the far side.

Now Tom tops another fence, rising like a rocket and dropping like a bird; still "F—o—o—r—rard!" is the cry—away they go at racing pace.

The field draws out like a telescope, leaving the largest portion at the end, and many—the fair and fat ones in particular—seeing the hopelessness of the case, pull up their horses, while yet on an eminence that commands a view. Fifteen or twenty horsemen enter for the race, and dash forward, though the hounds rather gain on old Tom, and the further they go the smaller the point of the telescope becomes. The pace is awful; many would give in but for the ladies. At the end of a mile or so, the determined ones show to the front, and the spirters and "make-believes" gladly avail themselves of their pioneering powers.

Mr. Sponge, who got well through the wood, has been going at his ease, the great striding brown throwing the large fields behind him with ease, and taking his leaps safely and well. He now shows to the front, and old Tom, who is still "F—o—o—r—rarding" to his hounds, either rather falls back to the field or the field draws upon him. At all events, they get together somehow. A belt of Scotch fir plantation, with a stiffish fence on each side, tries their mettle and the stoutness of their hats; crash they get through it, the noise they make among the thorns and rotten branches resembling the outburst of a fire. Several gentlemen here decline under cover of the trees.

"F—o—o—r—rard!" screams old Tom, as he dives through the stiff fence and lands in the field outside the plantation. He might have saved his breath, for the hounds were beating him as it was. Mr. Sponge bores through the same space, little aided, however, by anything old Tom has done to clear the way for him, and the rest follow in his wake.

The field is now reduced to six, and two of the number, Mr. Spareneck and Caingey Thornton, become marked in their attention to our hero. Thornton is riding Mr. Waffles' crack steeple-chaser "Dare Devil," and Mr. Spareneck is on a first-rate hunter belonging to the same gentleman, but they have not been able to get our friend Sponge into grief. On the contrary, his horse, though lathered, goes as strong as ever, and Mr. Sponge, seeing their design, is as careful of him as possible, so as not to lose ground. His fine, strong, steady seat and quiet handling contrasts well with Thornton's rolling, bucketing style, who has already begun to ply a heavy cutting whip in aid of his spurs at his fences, accompanied with a frantic "g—u—r—r—r along!" and inquires of the horse if he thinks he stole him?

The three soon get in front; fast as they go, the hounds go faster, and fence after fence is thrown behind them, just as a girl throws her skipping-rope.

Tom and the whips follow, grinning with their tongues in their cheeks, Tom still screeching "F—o—o—o—rard! F—o—o—o—rard!" at intervals.

A big stone wall, built with mortar, and coped with heavy blocks of stone, is taken by the three abreast, for which they are rewarded by a gallop up Stretch-furrow pasture, from the summit of which they see the hounds streaming away to a fine grass country below, with pollard willows dotted here and there in the bottom.

"Water!" says our friend Sponge to himself, wondering whether Hercules would face it.

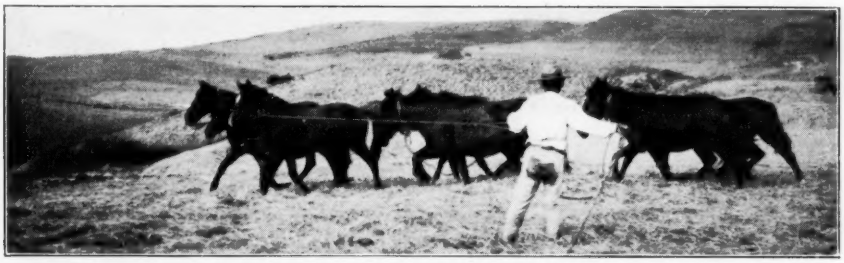
(To be continued)

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

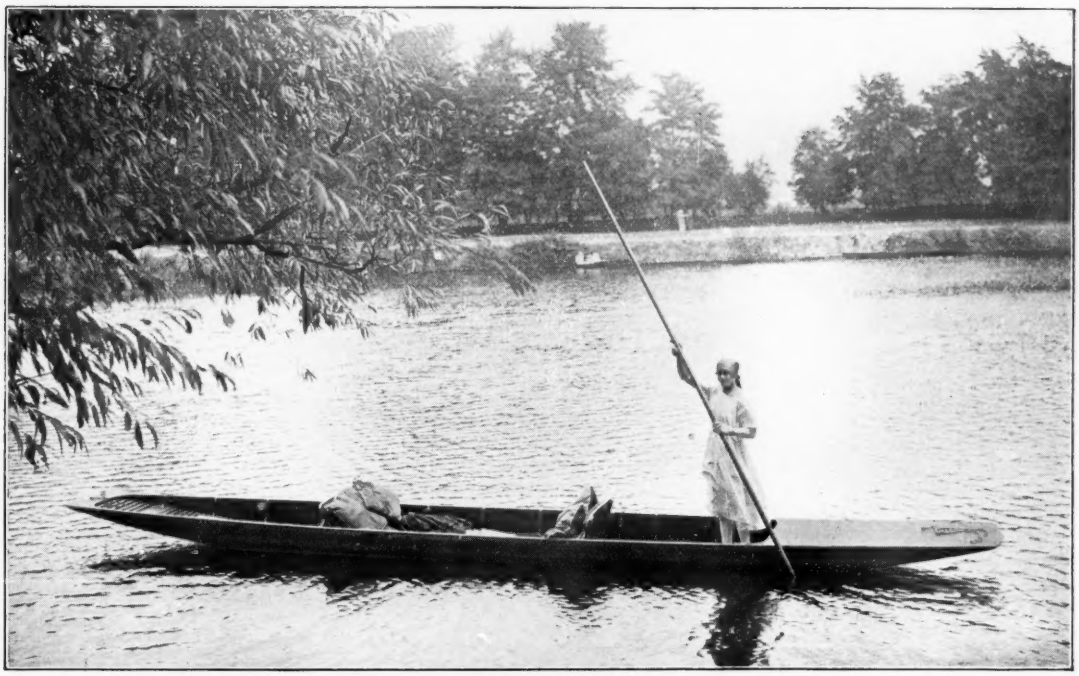
THE NOVEMBER PRIZEWINNERS

READING UNIVERSITY LADIES' HOCKEY
Alwyn Evans, Reading

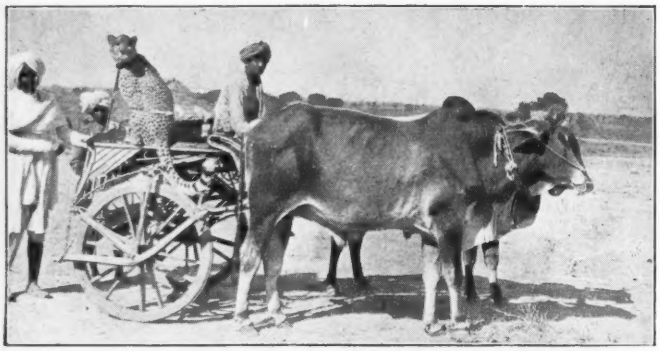
"ALL OVER"
H. A. J. Lamb, London



THE THRESHING FLOOR IN SPAIN
R. F. Meredith, Bishops Castle

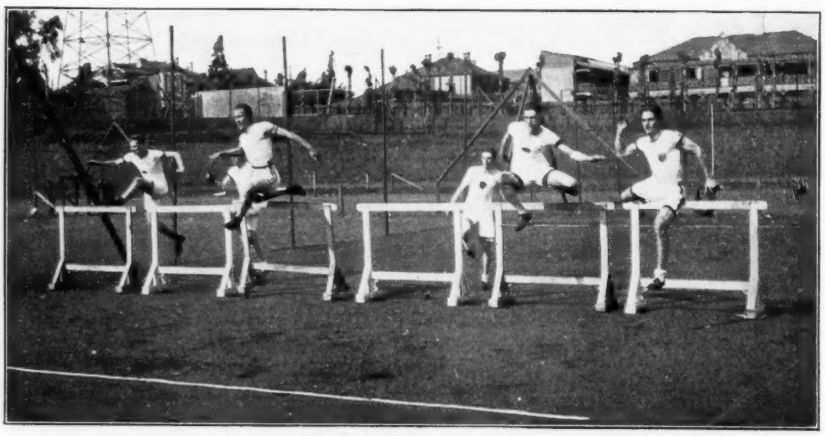


IN SUMMER SHADE
E. S. C. Betterley, Staines



THE HUNTING CHEETAH (FOR BLACK BUCK)
Lt.-Col. Gordon Anderson, India

THE SANDBOY
H. G. Fell, London



THE LAST HURDLE
A. F. Johnstone, Johannesburg

THE SALMON'S LEAP
Walter Brook, Builth Wells

'Phone: Western One.

HARRODS Ltd.

Telegrams: "Estate, c/o Harrods, London."

AUCTIONEERS, ESTATE AGENTS, AND SURVEYORS,

62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1

(OPPOSITE MAIN PREMISES.)

ADJOINING

FAVOURITE SURREY COMMON

ONLY 40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

SPLENDID HOUSE.

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE. BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

MODERATE PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.

WELL-BUILT FREEHOLD RESIDENCE,

occupying a choice position with BEAUTIFUL VIEWS, and *CLOSE TO SEVERAL WELL-KNOWN GOLF COURSES.*

Lounge hall, three reception, seven bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete offices.

LODGE. GARAGE. OUTBUILDINGS.

MAIN DRAINAGE. CO.'S WATER. TELEPHONE. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

well laid out, inexpensive to maintain, including lawn, flower beds and borders, formal garden, productive kitchen garden, and woodland: in all about

THREE ACRES.

Sole Agents, HARRODS (LD.), 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1, and West Byfleet, Surrey.

FAVOURITE KENTISH DISTRICT

A FEW MILES OUT BY SPLENDID TRAIN SERVICE.

EXCEPTIONAL HOUSE.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

VERY DESIRABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE,

occupying a quiet and secluded position within easy reach of station, post office and shops.

The Residence contains vestibule, lounge hall, three reception rooms, handsome billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, two bath rooms and complete offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS. CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN DRAINAGE. TELEPHONE.

GARAGE. STABLING. OUTBUILDINGS.

DELIGHTFUL MATURED GROUNDS,

including tennis lawn, flower beds, and borders, rockeries, orchard, large productive kitchen garden with glasshouses, in all extending to about

TWO AND A QUARTER ACRES.

BARGAIN PRICE £4,000

(OR OFFER) FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

HARRODS (LD.), 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

POTTERS BAR, HERTS

Beautifully fitted Residence. Splendid position. Every convenience.

VERY DESIRABLE

FREEHOLD MODERN RESIDENCE,

situate within a few minutes of station, post office, and shops.

Hall, three reception, eight bed rooms, bath room and offices; garage, stabling and outbuildings.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS.
MAIN DRAINAGE. CENTRAL HEATING.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

including tennis and other lawns, flower beds and borders, and range of glasshouses, in all about

THREE-QUARTERS OF AN ACRE.

PRICE ONLY £3,000

Full particulars of the Sole Agents, HARRODS (LD.), 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

FAVOURITE SUBURB.

FEW MILES N.W. OF LONDON

EXCELLENT HOUSE.

High position on south side, with good views.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

ARTISTIC GEORGIAN STYLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE,

beautifully fitted, convenient to two stations, with a fast train service to TOWN.

Three reception rooms, studio, nine bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, and excellent offices; Co.'s water, electric light, main drainage, central heating, telephone.

DELIGHTFUL MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

including tennis lawn, sunk rose garden, flower and kitchen gardens surrounded by a belt of fine old trees; extending in all to about

ONE ACRE.

LOW PRICE

FOR QUICK SALE.

Sole Agents, HARRODS (LD.), 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

SUSSEX COAST

VERY ATTRACTIVE DETACHED RESIDENCE

occupying a high and healthy position commanding beautiful sea views, convenient for station, shops, etc.

Hall, three reception, nine bed rooms, and usual offices.

COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

Also a

CAPITAL COTTAGE

containing four rooms and offices.

MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS

including lawn, flower beds and borders and small glasshouse, in all about

HALF-AN-ACRE.

PRICE £2,250 FOR QUICK SALE

Full particulars of the Sole Agents, HARRODS (LD.), 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

IDEAL HOME FOR A BUSINESS MAN

Healthy suburb a few miles south of TOWN, beautiful position with wide views.

VERY ATTRACTIVE DETACHED RESIDENCE,

occupying a delightful position on the summit of a hill, within 20 minutes' motor run of TOWN, and within easy access of three railway stations.

Entrance hall, three reception, billiard room, seven large bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and complete offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.
COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS. MAIN DRAINAGE.
WIRED FOR TELEPHONE.
ROOM FOR GARAGE.

MATURED PLEASURE GARDENS,

including lawn, flower bed and borders, and kitchen garden, with fruit trees; in all about

HALF-AN-ACRE.

LOW PRICE £1,550

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

Sole Agents, HARRODS (LD.), 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

Our Special Number in Beautiful Colours

CHOICE OF SIX FREE PATTERNS

EVERY woman anxious to provide herself with smart and suitable attire for Christmas festivities at home or abroad should make a point of securing this unique Christmas Extra.

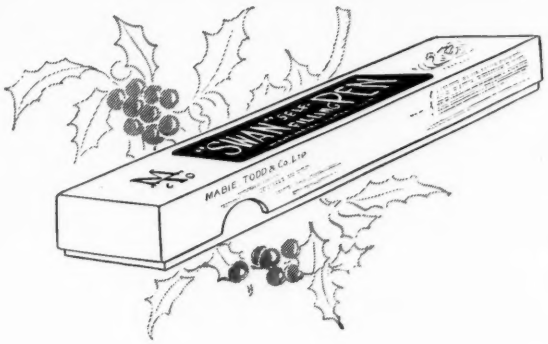
Among the illustrations, there are twelve beautiful pages in colour, the work of **Miss M. D. MORGAN**, and other well-known fashion artists. The designs number over seventy in all, and include exclusive and original suggestions for dance and dinner frocks and evening cloaks; tailor-mades and tea-gowns, for country-house visiting; travelling wraps for the Christmas holidays; fancy-dress costumes for ladies and children, and Christmas party frocks for the little folks.

The cover which is reproduced herewith is a wonderful example of artistic colour-printing and, in return for a coupon, a **FREE** paper pattern is offered, either of one of these fascinating evening frocks or one of four other attractive designs, given on the free pattern page. Patterns can also be obtained of any other design in this Christmas Extra.

COMING FASHIONS XMAS EXTRA

Published on December 11th.

On Sale Everywhere. **Price One Shilling.**



CHRISTMAS Greetings and a "Swan" Self-filler will easily solve the gift problem. The "Swan" as a gift, is delightfully appropriate. It conveys a sense of intimacy or formality exactly corresponding to the relationship existing—it never oversteps the mark or falls short of it.

The "Swan" is a Gift of universal acceptance.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Self-Filling Pattern from 15/–
Other "Swans" „ 12/6

SOLD BY STATIONERS & JEWELLERS

List post free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD, Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches: 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.1; 97, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95a, Regent Street, W.1.; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; Paris, Brussels, Zurich, Barcelona, Sydney, Cape Town.

Size 2.
Self-filling with 18-ct. solid gold band on cap
35/-

Size 2.
Self-filling covered 18-ct. rolled gold, with clip,
57/6
without clip,
55/-

. . The **A.R.B.** Brand of

OLD CURE REAL

Wiltshire Hams

are now to be obtained in prime condition. They are the connoisseur's ideal cold meat for the Shooting Luncheon Basket, or for Meat Sandwiches for the Hunting Field, the testimonials and recommendations which we receive from our customers confirm this. The weights are from 7 lbs. to 14 lbs. each, and

the price **2s. 5d.** per lb.,
Carriage Paid.

Also CHAMPION and 1st PRIZE REAL ENGLISH

Cheddar Cheese

made in the famous Cheddar Valley in truckle size of 10 lbs. each, or cuts from a larger cheese, from 3 lbs. upwards, at

1s. 8d. per lb., carriage paid.

CHEQUE OR REFERENCES WITH FIRST ORDER.

A. R. BOWDEN & SON,
Specialists in West Country Provisions,
9, HIGH STREET, SHEPTON MALLET,
SOMERSET.

By Appointment.

Bernard Weatherill Ltd

By Appointment.

Civil, Military and
HUNT TAILORS
BREECHES EXPERTS

Specialists in
HUNTING COATS and BREECHES

55, Conduit St.
LONDON, W. 1.
Telephone: Mayfair 2071.

CAMBERLEY 51 London Road — ASCOT Bridge House — ALDERSHOT 47, High Street

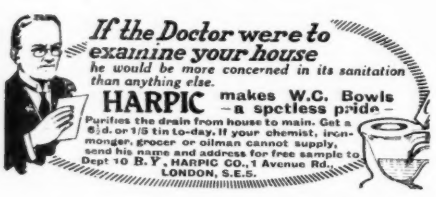
Sea Front.
NORTHLAWN EASE COMFORT REFINEMENT
WESTGATE-ON-SEA.
PENSION Resident Proprietors: Mr & Mrs H. O. PRESTON

PORTABLE LOOSE BOXES

Lowest Prices on Application.

Revolving Shelters For Invalids A Speciality

BEST SEASONED MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP.
Send for Free Catalogue of Stables, Motor Car Houses, etc., stating requirements.
Estimates free to Customers' own requirements.
The Principal and best makers at lowest prices of Portable Wood and Iron Buildings for all purposes, Poultry Appliances, etc.
J. T. HOBSON & Co. :: BEDFORD
Works cover 9 acres Established **80 years**.



Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin

MAKES LEATHER LAST.
Boots, Harness, and all Leather made waterproof as a duck's back, soft as velvet, with treble the wear. Pleasant odour. Allows polish.
22 Exhibition highest awards.
Black or Brown in Tins 6d., 1/- 2/-, 5/-, sold by dealers, or any size 3d. Stamps extra from the Manufactory. :: Dunstable, Beds.

BRECKNELL'S (PRIZE MEDAL)
In Tins Only
SADDLE SOAP
THE BEST THING MADE FOR CLEANING SADDLES
Used in the ROYAL STABLES by His Majesty's Cavalry, and by Foreign Armies, &c, &c.
"You can use nothing better than the Saddle Soap made by Brecknell & Co Haymarket, London. If your groom treats it properly, & uses the Soap according to direction the harness will always look well," THE FIELD
31 HAYMARKET ◇ LONDON ◇ S.W.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of Smoker. "Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S TAWNY NAVY CUT
} Per Oz. 1/-

PLAYER'S "WHITE LABEL" NAVY CUT - Per oz. 10½d.

Also Player's NAVY CUT DE LUXE (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz. AIRTIGHT TINS at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—Mild and Medium

MILD (Gold Leaf)	MEDIUM
100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11	100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
24 for 1/5; 12 for 8½d.	20 for 11½d.; 10 for 6d.

In Packets and Tins from all Tobacconists and Stores.

John Player & Sons, Nottingham.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd 1943

INSTONE AIR LINE LTD.

(ROYAL MAIL)

LONDON-BRUSSELS

2¼ HOURS DAILY SERVICE

BOOK THROUGH ALL USUAL AGENTS

SAFETY, COMFORT AND SPEED

LONDON-COLOGNE

IN 4½ HOURS DAILY SERVICE

Telephone: CROYDON 2720 (Exchange 18)

Booklet Free on Application

BURBERRY WINTER SPORTS KIT

Burberry Model A1853

From the origination of these sports, Burberrys, in consultation with Ski-ing, Tobogganing and Skating experts, have been constantly designing and improving dress for the specific purpose of providing healthful security and comfort on snow and ice.

BURBERRY WINTER SPORTS MODELS

are thoroughly practical both in design and detail. They allow unrestricted freedom to limb and muscle, and are purposeful, as well as distinctive in appearance.

BURBERRY WINTER SPORTS CLOTHS

keep out cold winds, wet and snow. They maintain bodily warmth, yet allow perfect natural ventilation; are light in weight, yet exceedingly strong in texture; **and are finished with smooth surfaces to which snow cannot cling.**

Catalogue & Patterns of Burberrys' Winter Sports Materials Post Free

Burberry Model A1856.

The Value of Burberry Winter Sports Kit

is conclusively demonstrated by the following disinterested testimony from wearers speaking from actual experience.

EFFICIENTLY PROTECTIVE *"Having returned from Switzerland, I wish to say that the Suit you made proved very successful for ski-ing, keeping both snow and wind out and being very comfortable."*—S.S., Harrow.

DISTINCTION *"The Ski Suit has proved a great success, and has been much admired and commented on."*
—H., Grand Hotel, Adelbaden.

PRACTICAL MODELS *"Of the firms to which I applied a fortnight ago for catalogues, yours was the only one who could supply a Costume suitable for Swiss Mountain Sports: the majority of our London Houses—although alleging to specialize — supply one with elaborate toilletes only fit for wear inside the hotel."*—M.G.G., Totteridge.

"HINTS ON ALPINE SPORTS"
By PROFESSOR F. F. ROGET.
A book of great interest to beginner and expert alike.
POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

8 & 10, Boulevard Malesherbes PARIS; and Agents in Provincial Towns

Burberrys, Ltd.

The Premier House for

COUNTRY, SPORTING, TRAVELLING AND MOTOR GARMENTS

THE S.B. AINTREE.

The Coats illustrated here have been specially designed to give the acme of comfort without detracting from the smartness that "Durward" Coats have for so long been famous.

Made in Fleeces and Cheviots that have been manufactured to give additional warmth without cumbrous weight in Lovats, Browns, Greys, Blues, beautiful Heather Mixtures, etc.

These Coats can be had ready to wear in all sizes, or made to order single breasted.

Patterns, Illustrations, and form of measurement sent post free on application.

Coats sent on approval on receipt of deposit or London trade reference. Height and chest measurement only required.

from 7 Guineas

THE D.B. AINTREE.

KENNETH DURWARD LTD.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

SHAVALLO

(SHAVE-ALL-O)

The Ideal Shaving Soap

By Appointment to
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Shavallo produces a full and copious lather, with either hot or cold water, which will last on the face until the shaving operation is completed. The hygienic package is quite a satisfactory feature of Shavallo. It is not possible for the white ivorine tube to rust, and there is no paper or tinfoil wrapping round the soap to get wet and messy.

"It's smart; but it doesn't"

Printed by Harrison, Jehring & Co., Ltd., 11-16, Emerald Street, London, W.C.1, for the Proprietors, United Press, Ltd.
and Published by them at Salisbury Square London, E.C.4.

C51